

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 959



APRIL 14, 1888

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

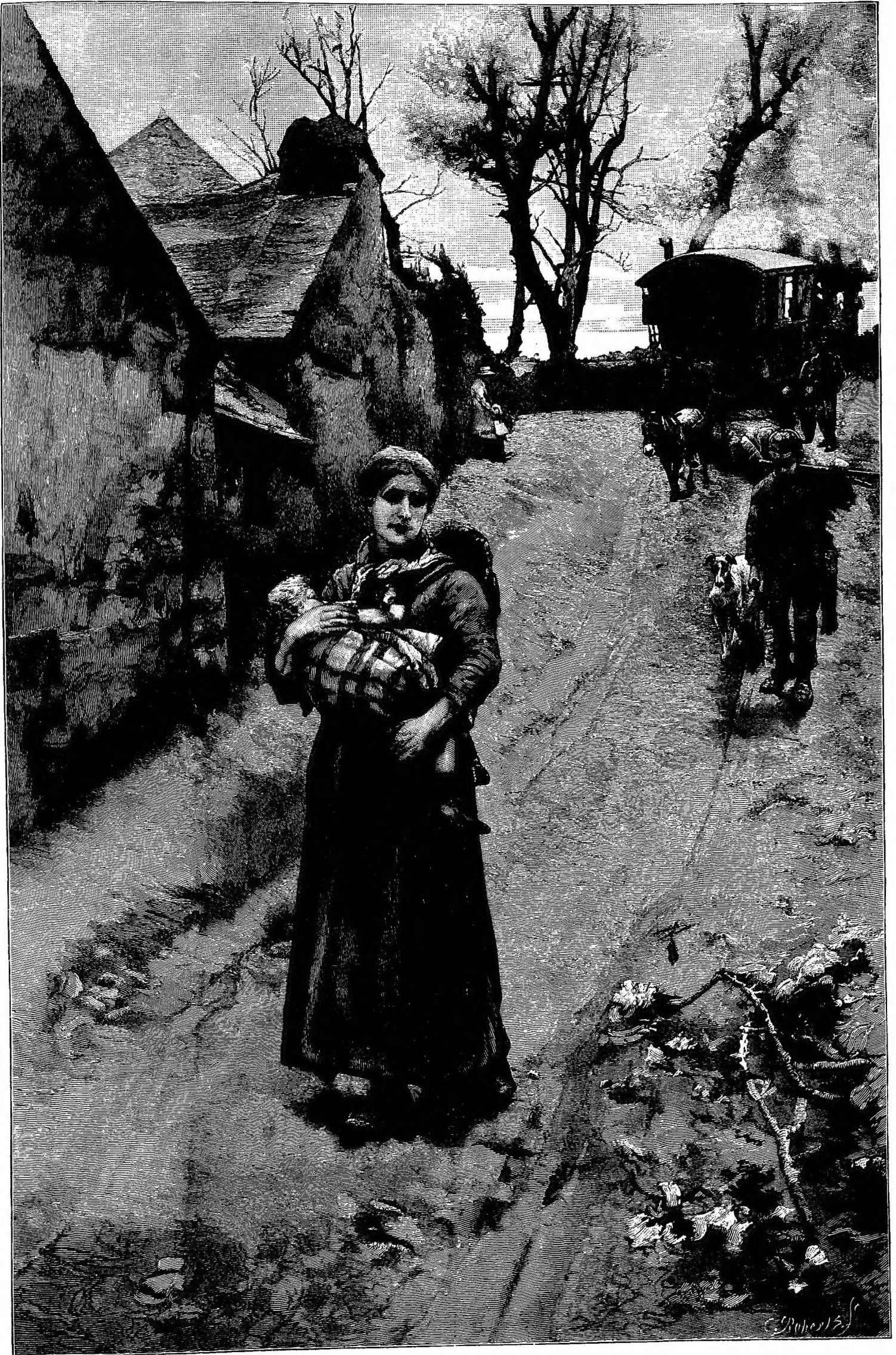
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
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"THEIR EVER-SHIFTING HOME"
FROM THE PICTURE BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

Topics of the Week

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE GERMAN COURT.—At some future time many a drama and romance will no doubt be written about the love-story of Prince Alexander and the Princess Victoria, and about the extraordinary political troubles that have sprung from it. All sorts of "situations" are suggested by the facts which have been made public, and those who may hereafter try to give an imaginative rendering of them will certainly have no reason to complain that the *dramatis personæ* lack individuality of character. For the present, however, the world has to think rather of the practical aspects of the matter than of its possible ideal interest. Prince Bismarck has always been fond of surprising people, and on the present occasion he has been even more than usually successful in creating a "sensation." Upon the whole, the general feeling of Europe seems to be that he has shown decidedly less respect for those who had a claim on his consideration than might have been anticipated; and it cannot be said that his supporters in the German Press have shown any sufficient reason for all the distress he has brought upon the sick Emperor. It appears that the Russians, far from objecting to the marriage, would be pleased by it, since it would necessarily put an end to the idea of Prince Alexander returning to Bulgaria. Even if this were not the case, why should the Germans, who have won for themselves so great a place in the world, shiver at the thought of doing anything that might cause dissatisfaction in St. Petersburg? In this matter Prince Bismarck has played anything but a bold and courageous part, and there are signs that his countrymen are beginning to think that there might with advantage be a little less servility to the Russian Court. For some time the reactionary party in Germany have indulged in a vast amount of malignant gossip about the Empress, and the Chancellor seems to have believed that an attempt to destroy her influence would be universally applauded; but the enthusiasm with which she was received the other day at Posen shows decisively that she has the cordial sympathy and respect of the mass of the Prussian people. The withdrawal of Prince Bismarck from his great office would be a serious matter, not only for Germany but for the world, but even he is not indispensable, and it may be that he demands a higher price for his retention of power than the Emperor can afford to pay.

PROCLAIMED MEETINGS IN IRELAND.—Altogether, thanks to the firmness of the authorities under the extended powers given to them by the Crimes Act, there has been a decided improvement in the condition of Ireland during the last few months. Three convictions for murder have been obtained, the tyranny of boycotting has been greatly abated, and the National League has lost much of its sinister influence. But the elements of disorder still exist, and they are perpetually being fanned into flame by those political adventurers who know that if Ireland became peaceable and law-abiding their own importance would no longer exist. Hence the endeavour to galvanise the League into a renewed state of energy by the series of meetings which were held last Sunday. At the same time it is only fair to say that Mr. Balfour, by rashly stating that the League was dead, challenged his adversaries to try and prove the contrary. Mr. Balfour is too fond of poking up his enemies. He has shown himself to be a firm administrator, but, remembering the inflammable region which he governs, he should rigidly restrain his tongue from uttering words of a provocative character. On the whole, the meetings of last Sunday were a failure. Nevertheless, they caused a vast amount of inconvenience and fatigue to the soldiers and police, to say nothing of the wounds and bruises received and inflicted. The agitators, with sinister shrewdness, reckon from this experience that, if the illegal meetings were indefinitely multiplied, the whole military and constabulary force of Ireland would be unable to cope with them. Consequently, they promise a renewal on a much larger scale for tomorrow. The announcement of these tactics induces the impartial observer to doubt whether the Government method of suppressing these displays is the right method. Great expense is incurred; the soldiers and police undergo much fatigue and anxiety, they are liable to be stoned and maimed, and they become objects of hatred to the populace; while, on the other hand, those whose heads are broken are ignorant, and comparatively innocent, persons. Why not allow the meetings to be held without let or hindrance, but announce beforehand that all the speakers will be liable to prosecution, and then select the prominent men, and punish them sharply and summarily? If the existing law will not admit of this, it should be altered; or else the Irish authorities had better abandon all interference with any meetings whatever.

MAJOR TEMPLER'S ACQUITTAL.—"All's well that ends well" would be a very meagre judgment to pass on the Templer trial. Nor would it suffice to discuss it off-hand as "Much ado about nothing." There is, unhappily, nothing laughable in the matter from beginning to end. An officer of great distinction and merit has been subjected to the stigma of public prosecution on charges directly assailing

his honour, loyalty, and veracity, without a tittle of authentic evidence to justify his accusers. Who were they? By whose authority was that ordinary preliminary to trial by court-martial, investigation by a Court of Inquiry, dispensed with? Did any person in authority sift the evidence before action was taken, to see whether it would hold water? Clearly that precaution was omitted; otherwise, even the most superficial inquiry would have established the utter untrustworthiness of the Acklands' testimony about the accused's alleged visits to Birmingham. Here was the very centre of the whole case, on which Major Templer's guilt or innocence of the matters laid to his charge entirely depended, and yet the military authorities do not appear to have even taken the trouble to ascertain what their own witness, Major Elsdale, had to say on the point. Then as regards the profound secrecy which was supposed to enshroud the method of manufacturing war balloons and their appliances, it came out that that was a *secret de Polichinelle*. Sharp Italian officers were allowed to see the men at work, while the private makers of the wonderful valves and tubes affirmed that they had not the slightest idea of being pledged to secrecy. The truth seems to be that, owing to culpable negligence on the part of one officer or another, the secret got wind, and when the superior authorities raised a fuss about the supposed traitorous divulgence, some one hit upon the happy idea of making Major Templer a scapegoat. We English certainly have a curious way of rewarding inventors; poor Snider, who saved the country several hundred thousand pounds, had his life shortened by privations, and now Major Templer is accused of vile crimes by way of encouraging him to perfect our war balloons.

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN AND THE COUNTY BOARDS.—When the Local Government Bill was introduced, a great many people were of opinion that one effect of it would be to "disestablish the squires." Now it is beginning to be seen that the measure may in reality greatly increase the power of country gentlemen. Each of the new County Boards will hold its sittings in the capital of the county it represents, and the business to be transacted will necessarily take up a good deal of time. It is certain, therefore, that few tradesmen or farmers will be disposed to stand as candidates for membership. Men of this class will, as a rule, have neither leisure nor wealth enough to assume functions that would interfere to a very considerable extent with their ordinary pursuits. Country gentlemen, on the other hand, by becoming members of the Board, would simply carry on the kind of work to which they have been accustomed at Quarter Sessions; and there can be little doubt, that if they choose to take advantage of the opportunities which are to be provided for them, the voters will in a very large number of cases be only too glad to elect them. In that case their influence will certainly not be diminished; they will hold their old positions with added powers, and with all the authority that belongs to representatives chosen in accordance with a thoroughly democratic system. It is to be hoped that "the squires" will be wise enough to see what a magnificent chance is being created for them. As Lord Randolph Churchill pointed out in his able speech at Birmingham the other day, great pressure will probably be brought to bear upon the County Boards to indulge in extravagant expenditure. In the end it would be a serious calamity if pressure of this sort were not resisted, and country gentlemen would have too much good sense, as well as too great a respect for their own pockets, to yield to it without a struggle on behalf of reasonable economy. This is by no means the only advantage that would spring from their presence on the Boards. They would have little inclination for the petty squabbles that so often discredit local representative bodies, and their wish would, undoubtedly, be to secure efficiency in every department of work for which they might be responsible.

LORD SALISBURY AND THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS.—Speaking at Carnarvon on the subject of Sunday Closing Lord Salisbury said that "the soundest way of dealing with this controversy was to allow each locality to decide for itself," and then he warned the licensed victuallers that, if they resisted the clauses in the County Government Bill which affect their trade, they might be dealt with much more summarily and less mercifully by Parliament itself on some not very distant future occasion. This Sunday Closing Question is especially fitted for local decision, because that which may be scarcely any hardship in one district may be felt severely in another. For example, it is plain that where, as in Scotland and Ireland, spirits constitute the most popular alcoholic beverage, the Sunday shutting-up of the public-houses is far less of an inconvenience than it would be in Southern England, where a large part of the trade consists of beer for dinner and supper consumption. A word, also, may be here said on the subject of earlier weekday closing. Reference was made in the House on Tuesday to the disgraceful condition of the region round about Piccadilly Circus between 11 P.M. and 1 A.M. Every one knows what we mean, we need not describe it here; enough to say that it is not the place to which we should take a Hindoo, a Turk, or a Kaffir, if we wished to impress one of those benighted foreigners with the advantages of our system of civilisation. Well, the worst features of this Pandemonium would disappear as if by magic if the adjacent public-houses were summarily

closed, say at 11 P.M., if not even earlier. And, when local option is secured, it is to be hoped that the sober and quiet part of the population will no longer suffer themselves to be coerced in such matters as these by the bibulous and disorderly.

REALTY AND PERSONALTY.—The interesting duello between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Goschen on the question whether the incidence of taxation is equitably adjusted on real and personal property, revives an old, old controversy. There is no question, of course, that as regards the Death Duties, realty gets off somewhat lightly in comparison with the other form of property. But the readjustments proposed by Mr. Goschen will go far to rectify this inequality for all practical purposes. Mr. Gladstone made a somewhat strange assumption in arguing that, since real and personal estate are of about the same values in the United Kingdom, it is unfair that the former should yield in Death Duties only 1,200,000*l.*, while the latter gives nearly four times as much. This calculation must have been based on very ancient figures, indeed; they apparently refer to some remote period when land was our chief source of wealth. But while it has been steadily diminishing in value year after year, personalty has increased enormously, and the wealth of the country lies much more in its manufactures and trades than in its acres. It would, no doubt, be a gain could all forms of property be made to contribute equally to the Exchequer. Not only would this give symmetry to our financial system, but it would prevent these everlasting disputes as to whether the man who has his possessions in land does not place a portion of his fiscal burdens on his neighbour who prefers the sweet simplicity of Consols. Mr. Gladstone merely proposes to equalise the Death Duties, but unless the question of rating be also taken into consideration, we shall be as far off as ever from that ideal of the Utopian financier, the making every head of a household contribute in proportion to the extent of his means.

GENERAL BOULANGER.—There can be no doubt now that General Boulanger is a personage of high importance. That has been put beyond doubt by the electors of the Dordogne and of the Aude and Aisne, and it will probably be demonstrated still more emphatically by the electors of the Nord. No doubt the position he has acquired is due chiefly to the extraordinary feebleness which has hitherto been the chief characteristic of the Republican system of Government in France. The French people, who, of all peoples, like best to be represented by men of brilliant gifts, are tired of the intriguing, self-seeking nobodies who have so long been pretending to rule them. They long to see public affairs under the control of some one who will command respect abroad, and in whom they themselves will be able to take some interest. True, General Boulanger has done nothing to warrant the belief that he is a man of genius; but he has succeeded in making himself prominent, and there is, at any rate, a chance that if he were in power he would justify the hopes he has excited. We must also take into account the fact that it is the interest of particular classes to support his claims. The clergy can hardly fail to be his friends, for they well know that if he became supreme it would be absolutely necessary for him to conciliate them. The Bonapartists think they may be able to use him for the attainment of their own ends; and the Royalists are ready to aid any one who seems likely to discredit the Republic. General Boulanger carefully abstains from committing himself to any definite programme. The dissolution of the Chamber and revision of the Constitution are the only aims he has yet spoken of, and by "revision" he may, of course, mean as much or as little as he pleases. Even now it is difficult to believe that France will entrust her destinies to a man of whom she has such slight knowledge, or, indeed, to any one man; and all who entertain for her a sincerely friendly feeling must hope that she will resist the temptation to cut the knot of her politics by means that can only lead to fresh trouble. All over Europe, however, there is an uneasy feeling that grave danger may suddenly, and very soon, spring from the new movement.

FOREIGN EMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES.—Since the close of the Great Civil War it has been the fashion to assume a tone of almost effusive friendliness towards the United States, and to speak of the inhabitants of that country as Englishmen, only living under a different allegiance. Such statements as these, which we have heard again lately from Mr. Chamberlain, are pleasant to hear, but they are scarcely strictly accurate. Even in the old Colonial days there was a large percentage of Hollanders, Swedes, and, in Pennsylvania, Germans, who were popularly called Dutch. Yet it may be fairly conceded that at the time of the revolt in 1775 the bulk of the white inhabitants were of British and Irish origin. Nevertheless, these people had no special reason to love the mother-country, for the English had been expatriated by successive religious persecutions under the Jacobite cause, and the Ulsterlanders by the collapse of the Jacobite cause, and the Scotch Presbyterians by the bigotry of the dominant Episcopalians. After the peace of 1783 an English emigration recommenced, followed, after the Irish potato-famine, by a proportionately far larger exodus of Irish Roman Catholics, who up to that time had been but sparsely represented in the States. Thus far the population was mainly made up of persons who either

themselves, or in the loins of their ancestors, had come from some part of the United Kingdom. But, after a while, the Continentals discovered America, just as Columbus did, only more so, for they trooped over in thousands, and the number of these emigrants is every year increasing. The Germans and Scandinavians (who are, after all, our first cousins) began the enterprise, but presently men of more alien races, Italians, Poles, Russians, and Hungarians, followed suit, and, during the three first months of the present year the English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish emigrants all added together were only one-fifth of the total number arriving at Castle Garden. All the rest were foreigners. At this rate what a *colluvies gentium* there will be in the Great Republic by 1988! Will the venerable English language survive the invasion, or will it be replaced by a sort of rough-and-ready Volapük?

CHARITY AT HOME AND ABROAD.—The Lord Mayor's appeal on behalf of the victims of the Prussian inundations will, no doubt, meet with a reasonably liberal response. Unfortunately, it clashes with a number of other equally pressing appeals which touch our charitable folk even more nearly. There is scarcely a benevolent organisation in the land, religious or secular, but is struggling to make narrowed means cover a larger area of suffering. Take the case of Charing Cross Hospital by way of illustration. Here we have a splendid Samaritan institution, thoroughly efficient, admirably managed, and economically administered, which confers incalculable benefits on the poorer classes. Yet, in spite of its just claims on public generosity, its income has so dwindled that two wards have been closed, and the whole reserve fund being exhausted, it is becoming a serious question as to whether the Hospital can be carried on much longer. No doubt, there are scores of other similar instances almost or quite as distressing; indeed, the whole country resounds with the cries of charities in distress. Our Teutonic kinsmen will, therefore, make due allowance should the Inundation Fund produce a somewhat attenuated subscription list. British charity has not been wont either to begin at home or to stay there, as many of our Continental neighbours know. But necessity has no laws, and under present circumstances we want every farthing we can spare, and a good deal more, for home needs. We trust, however, that "the very large and influential German community carrying on business in the City of London and resident in the metropolis," to whom the Lord Mayor expressly appeals, will help their drowned-out compatriots. They have few poor of their own to support in England, nor are they responsible for the maintenance of the great charitable institutions which have been handed down to us by our forefathers.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT THE DEVONSHIRE CLUB.—Most people who have any sympathy with Liberalism were pleased to read the speeches delivered the other evening at the Devonshire Club, when honour was being done to Mr. Chamberlain. During the last two years there has been so much bitter wrangling in England that it was satisfactory to find that Gladstonians and Liberal Unionists could still meet and talk in a friendly way about matters in which they have a common interest. Mr. Chamberlain thoroughly deserves all the praise that was lavished on him for the manner in which he discharged his mission in America. He displayed remarkable judgment and tact, and his efforts to secure a just settlement of the troublesome difficulty will not have been thrown away even if the Fisheries Convention should not at present be ratified. In speaking of our relations with the United States, he took advantage of the opportunity to give utterance to some ardent hopes with regard to our relations with our Colonies; and here he struck a note which, so far as we remember, he had never tried to strike before. That he has a strong patriotic feeling he has proved by the course he has adopted in the Irish controversy; but it was generally supposed that he took little interest in questions relating to our kinsfolk beyond the seas. Now, however, he has shown that he takes intense pride in the greatness of the Empire as a whole, that his wish is to tighten the bonds by which its various parts are connected, and that he even believes in the possibility of some form of Imperial Federation. If Mr. Chamberlain maintains this tone, as we may hope his convictions will lead him to do, he will become an even greater power in English politics than he has hitherto been. He will be able to appeal to something stronger and nobler than party feeling, and Englishmen will not be slow to recognise the injustice done by those of his opponents who persist in talking of him as if he were merely a superior sort of vestryman.

TITLES OF BOOKS AND PLAYS.—As many of us are painfully aware, it is a much easier feat to write a novel or a drama than to find a confiding publisher or manager who will pay us for the right of publishing or producing the same; but some of us may not be equally alive to the fact that it is also a difficult task to hit upon a title for the immortal work which shall be both effective and safe. Observe, both adjectives are requisite. No one but a donkey—and, of course, donkeys never write novels or plays—would deliberately select an ineffective title; but the worst of it is that we may choose one which is admirably effective, but which proves to be unsafe. Just as the immortal work has been duly announced, and is about to electrify the town, then up springs, like a Jack-in-the-Box, some hitherto unknown personage,

who informs us that our title is his property, that he has already registered a work under that name, and that unless we alter our title, or (preferably) give him a pecuniary *solatium* for our piratical behaviour, he shall issue an injunction against us. Everybody who is connected with the theatrical or the publishing world knows of many such cases, and they involve much inconvenience to the unwitting infringer of another man's rights. Not in one case in a hundred is any real injury inflicted on the original holder of the title, and therefore we venture to think there should be some amendment of the law in this matter. It would be a herculean task for an author to search at Stationers' Hall to make sure that his title had not previously been appropriated, but why should not the boot be put on the other leg? Why should not a list of intended titles be publicly exhibited at Stationers' Hall, and if no objection be entered (say) within a month, the said exhibitor to have legal right to the title thus announced? The exaction of a small fee would cover all expenses, and would prevent the privilege from being frivolously used.

THE CANADIAN TARIFF.—It must have been a sore blow for the anti-English party in the Dominion to have their "thin end of the wedge" rejected by a majority of nearly two to one. Sir Richard Cartwright's resolution had an innocent look enough on its face, merely asking the Canadian Legislature to affirm the expediency of abolishing all restrictions on trade with the United States. Had this been supplemented by a similar proposal having reference to the United Kingdom, John Bull might even have applauded the Free Trade proclivities of his North-American children. But, standing by itself, the Cartwright resolution meant, and was intended to mean, that Canada and the United States should form themselves into a Zollverein, leaving Great Britain outside, to be operated upon by both with hostile tariffs. Surely those who brought forward this audacious project must have foreseen that its adoption would inevitably snap the tie binding Canada to the Mother Country. England submits to the levying of heavy duties on her goods by any colonies which consider Protection necessary for their manufacturing interests. But it is on the distinct understanding that the same measure will be meted out to similar goods exported by other countries. It would be simply intolerable to find our cotton or iron manufactures shut out of, say, Victoria or New Zealand by hostile tariffs, while those of Germany or France were admitted free. This, and nothing less, was what the Cartwright Resolution aimed at bringing about in Canada; and, as those who supported it must have known that it would lead to separation from England, we are justified in assuming that this was their real object. It is satisfactory, then, to find that the Canadian Separatists are still in a considerable minority.

TO LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS.—In order to save trouble and disappointment the Editor begs to state that he has already on hand an ample supply of both LONG and SHORT STORIES for a considerable time to come.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "DUBLIN CASTLE ILLUSTRATED, I," by H. W. Brewer.

“CHERRY RIPE.”

In consequence of the continuous and increasing demand for this popular picture, from a painting by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., executed expressly for, and issued with, "THE GRAPHIC" CHRISTMAS NUMBER of 1880, it has now, for the second time, been

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AMUSEMENTS

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. FAUST.—To-night (Saturday) April 14th, at 8.15, and for 21 nights.—Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Messrs. Alexander, Glenney, Mead, Tyars, Haviland, Johnson, Harbury, Harvey, Archer, Carter; Misses Matthews, Barnett, Coleridge, Mills, and Mrs. Chippendale. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from 10 to 5. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING at SEVEN, THE HARBOUR LIGHTS, by G. R. Sims and Henry Pettit. Misses Emmie O'Reilly, Oliph Webb, D'Almaine; Messrs. Algernon Syms, J. B. Howe, Walter Steadman, and Powerful Company. Concluding with THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

BRIXTON HALL, Acre Lane, S.W.—Miss ANNIE MATTHEWS begs to announce that her ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the above Hall on MONDAY, April 16th. Artists: Miss Effie Clements, Miss Rose Crooks, Miss Annie Matthews, Miss Meredith Elliott, Miss Grace Woodward, Mr. Bernard, Mr. Henry Yates, Mr. Stanley Heaton, and Mr. James Budd. Solo Violoncello, Mons. B. Albert; Solo Pianoforte, Mr. Turle; Conductor, Mr. Turle Lee. Floral Decorations by Messrs. Ponsford and Sons, Brixton Road, S.W. Doors open at 7.30. To commence at 8 o'clock. Reserved Seats (numbered) 5s. Unreserved Seats, 2s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be obtained of Mr. Poole, Music Seller, Tulse Hill; Mr. Dunkley, Acre Lane; Mr. Cox, Brixton Hall; and of Miss Annie Matthews, "Goring House," Hayter Road, Brixton Rise, S.W.

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1. Each candidate (who must not be more than twenty-five years of age), will be required to send to the DIRECTOR of "THE GRAPHIC," 190, STRAND, W.C. (with stamped and addressed envelope for their return), a Set of Original Sketches of FIGURE SUBJECTS.

2. They may consist of either scenes of actual events, portraits from life, drawings from animals, or humorous sketches.

3. Studies from Still Life, the Antique, or Landscape sketches cannot be received.

4. The Candidate must state his age and address, and mark outside the packet, "Drawings for Competition."

5. No Premium will be required. The students will be chosen according to the merit of the drawings submitted, but after selection they will have a fortnight's trial before being definitely accepted.

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CRUISE to the AZORES, CANARY ISLANDS, MADEIRA &c.—On her Return from the Mediterranean, the Steam Yacht "VICTORIA," 1,804 Tons register, 1,500 Horse Power, R. D. Lunham, Commander (late of steam yacht "Ceylon"), will, on April 28 be despatched from Tilbury Dock for a 30 days' cruise as above. The "VICTORIA" is fitted with the Electric Light, and all modern improvements.

SUMMER AND AUTUMN CRUISES, 1888.

and JUNE for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS.

21st JUNE for 25 days' cruise to the LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

21st JULY for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS.

11th AUGUST for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS.

30th AUGUST for 30 days' cruise to the BALTIC.

About 1st NOVEMBER Next it is proposed to make a CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD.—For Particulars apply to MANAGER, Steam Yacht "VICTORIA," Office, Carlton Chambers, 4, Regent Street, London, S.W.

WAYZGOOSE MENU WANTED, with prices and all particulars for about EIGHTY.

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Our Illustrations

“THEIR EVER-SHIFTING HOME”

A CONSIDERABLE outcry is every now and then made about the neglected condition of the gipsies and their families, yet it is pretty certain that the Zingari folk live more in accordance with the dictates of Nature than the majority of their fellow-citizens, who year by year are becoming a more town-bred and more sedentary population. However, we will not enter on this question here, but simply remark that the caravan-life, whether sanitary or insanitary, has something very fascinating about it. Many persons, both before and since George Borrow's time, have joined gipsy encampments, partaken of their nomad existence, and found it, for a while at least, very refreshing after the restraints and conventionalities of civilised life. Of late years, too, without joining the gipsies (which may prove a serious matter, especially if you fall in love with a Romany maiden), it has become a fashionable amusement to perform a "cruise on wheels" in a regular gipsy caravan. In this matter the amateur nomad has the pull over his professional brother in two very important points—first, he has a well-lined purse, and is not driven by dire necessity to pay midnight visits to the farmers' hen-roosts; and, secondly, he only travels during the summer months, when it is rather pleasant than otherwise to spend most of one's time *sub Jove frigido*.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA

THE Princess Frederica Amelia Wilhelmina Victoria of Prussia, whose affection for Prince Alexander of Battenberg has threatened to create a breach between Emperor Frederick and Prince Bismarck, is the second daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, and is just twenty-two years of age, having been born at Potsdam on April 12, 1866. The projected alliance has been a long-standing question, and while Prince Alexander was still on the Bulgarian Throne there was a very positive rumour that he was to be betrothed to the Princess. The match, however, was as vigorously opposed then as now by Prince Bismarck, who carried his point, and was generally credited with the perspicacity of foreseeing that the Prince's tenure of power would be brief, and with the desire of saving a Hohenzollern Princess, and a Princess of the German Empire, from the consequences of associating her fortunes with those of a deposed ruler. The match, moreover, is stated to have been vetoed by the Emperor William, who is said to have declared that he would never consent to the Princess's marriage with "such a rebel," as he was wont to style Prince Alexander. The match, however, has always been borne in mind by the present Emperor and Empress, and it was the former's announcement to Prince Bismarck that the betrothal would shortly take place, and that he intended to raise the Prince to the dignity of Fürst—a recognised royal rank—which brought about the present crisis, the political aspect and phases of which are treated in our "Foreign" column. There is much sympathy with the Princess both in Germany and Austria—as it is believed she entertains the warmest affection for the Prince—but this sympathy is somewhat outweighed by the knowledge that the Czar's personal and undying hatred to Prince Alexander would construe the marriage into a direct act of hostility against himself and Austria, and an espousal by Germany of the Prince's cause in Bulgaria. —Our portrait is from a photograph by Th. Prumm, 51, Unter den Linden, Berlin.



H.I.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA OF GERMANY

Fourth Child and Second Daughter of the Emperor Frederick III.

The projected Marriage between this Princess and Prince Alexander of Battenberg led to the recent threatened Resignation of Prince Bismarck

LAUNCH OF THE FIRST WAR VESSEL CONSTRUCTED AT MALTA

TUESDAY, March 20th, was a red-letter day in the annals of Malta dockyard, as it witnessed the launch of the first modern war vessel—the screw sloop *Melita*—which has been constructed in that establishment. The christening ceremony was performed by the youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Princess Victoria Melita, who was accompanied by her two sisters, Princesses Marie and Olga Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Louise of Battenberg, Princess Louise, Marquis of Lorne, and the Governor, Sir L. Simmons, and Lady and Miss Simmons. After prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Sutton, the Admiral Superintendent, Rear-Admiral R. G. Douglas, and Mr. Row, Chief Constructor, presented Princess Victoria Melita with a handsome model of the *Melita*, and a casket containing a beautifully carved olive wood mallet and chisel. The Princess, after a little instruction from her father, cut the cord securing the dog-shore, and away glided the *Melita* amidst the cheers of thousands of people who had congregated both on shore and in boats to witness the sight. The *Melita* was commenced in 1882, with a view to finding employment for the workmen of the yard in the absence of the Mediterranean Fleet from Malta during the summer. She is of composite build, with a tonnage of 970 tons, her length is 167 ft., her breadth 32 ft., and her draught when ready for sea will be 11 ft. 8 in. forward and 14 ft. 2 in. aft, her engines will be of 1,200 horse-power, and her speed will probably be 13 knots; her armament will be 8 5-inch B.L. 40 cwt. guns, 1 7-pounder boats gun, 4 1-inch 3-barrel Nordenfelts, and 2 5-barrel and 2 2-barrel Gardner guns; her complement will be 122 officers and men, and she will be barque-rigged.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Surgeon F. M. Puddicombe, R.N.

THE COLLIE DOG CLUB SHOW

EVERY dog has his show nowadays, and it cannot be wondered at, therefore, that so universally popular a favourite as the Collie



1. Success

2. Failure.

3. Spoilt

4. Neighbours

5. Finishing Touches

THE COLLIE DOG SHOW AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER

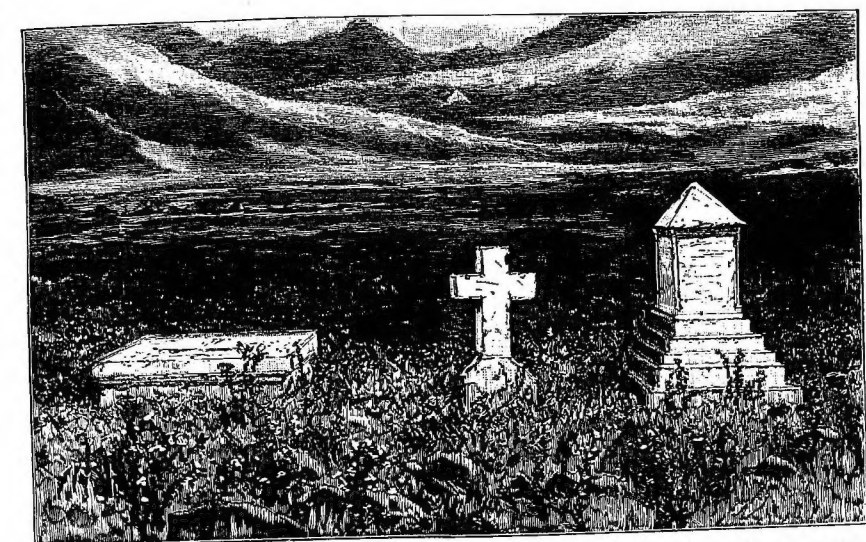


HEMSTED PARK

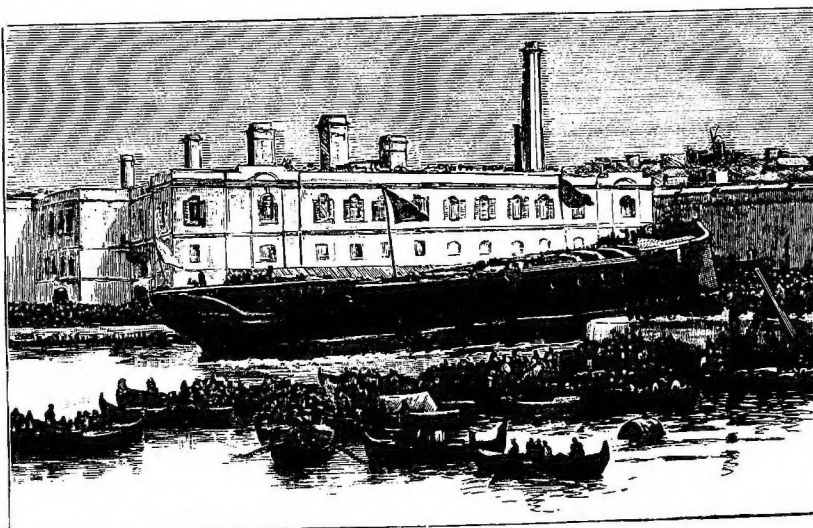


THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE VILLAGE

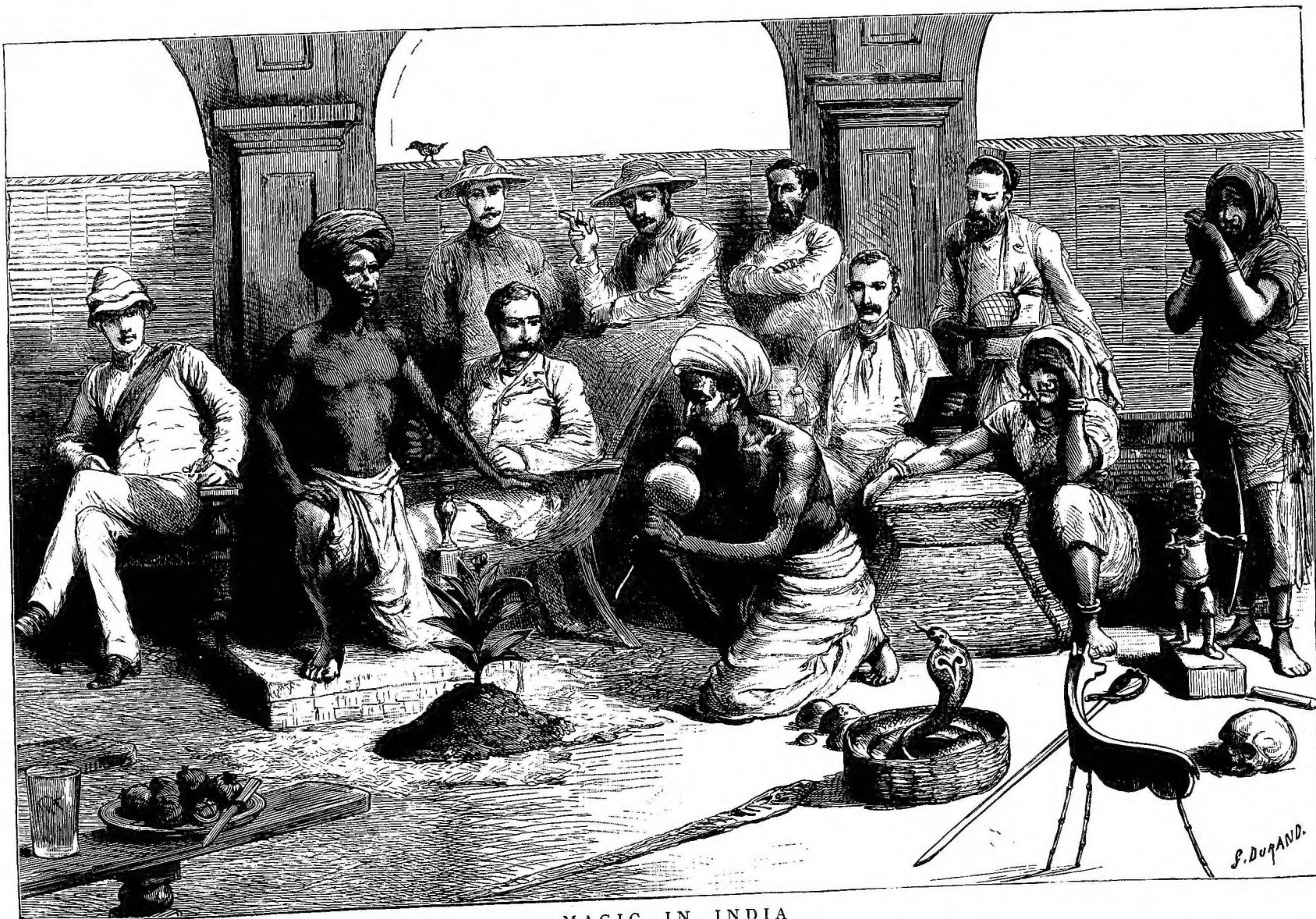
CELEBRATION OF THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF LORD AND LADY CRANBROOK AT HEMSTED PARK, KENT



THE PRESENT NEGLECTED STATE OF THE BRITISH GRAVES AT MAJUBA HILL, SOUTH AFRICA



LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "MELITA" AT MALTA
"The First Ironclad Launched from the Malta Dockyard"



MAGIC IN INDIA
THE CELEBRATED MANGO-TREE TRICK

should be accorded an exhibition to himself and his kind. Buffon considered him to be the father of all the canine species, and certainly he sufficiently resembles the pariahs of the East to give some colour to such a theory. The great naturalist was not speaking of the carefully-combed carriage-collie, who is a product of modern civilisation, but of his hardworking brother who trots by the side of a drover, or hies over the hills to bring back a flock at the word of his shepherd master. It is to be regretted that the old-fashioned bob-tailed sheep dog had no place in the Show, as he is in a great measure the parent animal of the collie, whose advance in civilisation does not appear to have conferred unmixed benefit upon him. Indeed, a writer in the *Field* remarks that though the modern collie excels in ears, "his coat, as a rule, is soft and fluffy; nor are the long, lean heads and narrow faces so typical of wisdom as the broader skulls and less-fine noses possessed by the collies of a dozen years ago." As a matter of fact, the modern collie is in danger of becoming a drawing-room pet, and we doubt if he could repeat the marvellous feats of sagacity for which his ancestors were, and his less refined brothers—the true sheep dogs—are now celebrated. The Third Annual Show of Collies took place at St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster, last week, but, despite an excellent display of animals, the attendance of visitors was smaller than might have been expected from the collie's great popularity. The three best dogs in this Show were admittedly Mr. J. Bissell's Charlemagne, Mr. Charles' Squire, the son of Charlemagne, who beat his sire, and was voted the best dog in the Show, and Mr. Megson's puppy Caractacus, who attracted so much attention recently at Liverpool, and who was the biggest collie exhibited, though his light-coloured eyes and small unintelligent looking head are considered by experts to somewhat detract from his merits. The Show was admirably managed, and we trust next year will show an improvement both in the number of entries and in the interest shown in this admirable class of dogs by the general public. Regarding the illustrations our artist writes as follows:—

"Success."—In more than a few instances special prizes had been awarded. The dog in most cases seemed aware of the distinction, possibly because the badge attracted many visitors to notice him.—
"Failure."—In the same way the dog unnoticed as a selected example would curl up and try to pass the time as well as possible. Many dogs' benches were marked, as in this case, with a price ticket announcing the value of the sum he had fallen to in the estimation of his owner.—
"Spoilt."—This is a frequent sight. The lady-owner is feeding her pet dog, which appears to be quite spoilt and uncomfortable with uncongenial surroundings.—
"Neighbours" shows two dogs, who were separated only by a wire screen.—
In "Finishing Touches" the dog is being prepared for the inspection of judges or the public. A boy retainer is kept on the premises for grooming and exercising the dogs.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF LORD AND LADY CRANBROOK

DURING their thirty years' residence at Hemsted Park, Kent, Lord and Lady Cranbrook have won most favourable opinions on all sides on account of their kindness, liberality, and consideration for the feelings of persons of every rank. The occasion of their golden wedding, therefore, was seized upon as an excellent opportunity for the expression of respectful regard and of good wishes for the future. The actual date of the marriage was March 29th, 1858, and on the fiftieth anniversary of that all the members of the family now living, with the single exception of the youngest grandchild, assembled for a home celebration at Hemsted Park. This was a strictly domestic gathering, but two days later a deputation from Cranbrook waited upon Lord Cranbrook with a congratulatory address. His lordship made a genial response, and then he and Lady Cranbrook showed the deputation the wedding presents they had received from persons of all sorts and conditions, beginning with Her Majesty, who sent a white marble bust of herself. The public demonstration was postponed until the afternoon of Wednesday, April 4th, when the proceedings began with a Thanksgiving Service in St. George's Church, after which the Volunteers fired a *feu de joie*. The village of Hemsted was gaily decorated with bunting, and legends expressive of good-will, while a large triumphal arch, of laurel boughs, decked with flags, and having turrets at each end, was erected near the St. George's Club. In the park a commodious tent was pitched, in which some two hundred and fifty cottagers and labourers presently partook of a substantial dinner. Meanwhile, inside the mansion the tenants were sumptuously entertained, under the presidency of Lord Cranbrook, supported by Lady Cranbrook and numerous members of his family. The toast of the day, "Lord and Lady Cranbrook," was proposed by Mr. Richard Neve, who recounted some of the good deeds done by Lord and Lady Cranbrook during their thirty years' residence at Hemsted. Lord Cranbrook made a very feeling speech in reply, speaking of the happiness of his fifty years of married life, and saying that he could not fix his thoughts on any one dissension that had taken place among the members of his family. He concluded with the words: "We hope you will always entertain those kindly feelings which you have shown on this occasion." The rest of the afternoon and evening was spent in amusements. There was donkey-racing by the younger members of the family, all dressed in fancy costumes; a nigger troupe; Punch and Judy; foot-races; balloons; and a grand display of fireworks. We may add that Lord Cranbrook gave each of his daughters, daughters-in-law, and granddaughters a gold brooch bearing his monogram, one C being in diamonds, and the other in pearls.—Our engravings are from photographs by J. Skinner and Sons, High Street, Tenterden.

BRITISH GRAVES AT MAJUBA HILL, SOUTH AFRICA

MR. W. A. DAUBENEY, of the United University Club, to whom we are indebted for the sketch from which our engraving is taken, writes as follows from Pretoria, Transvaal, under the date of February 1st:—"Three or four days ago I visited Majuba Hill, and was sorry to find the gravestones of our soldiers and sailors who perished in that unfortunate disaster much defaced by Boers and other people cutting their names on them. I would suggest that some strong iron spiked fencing be placed around them, such as the Boers have round the monument to their heroes at 'Llan-Warne.' I enclose you a rough sketch, made on the spot, with the hope that you may be able to call the attention of those interested in the memory of the deceased to the state of the graves."

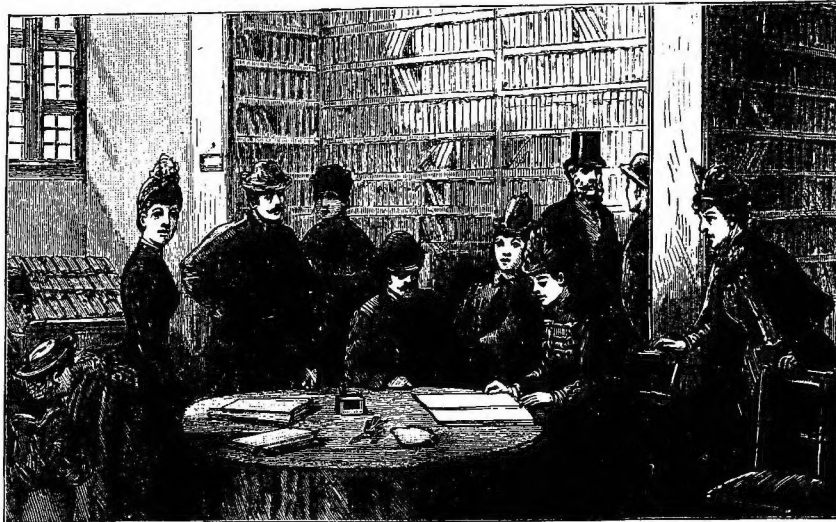
INDIAN MAGIC—THE CELEBRATED MANGO-TREE TRICK

THIS performance was given by a renowned South Indian juggler in the verandah of the large mess-house in Colombo. Before the conjuror was worked up to perform this seeming miracle, he exhibited some sleight-of-hand marvels. His partner with the gourd pipe made a hideous spectacle of "cobra" go through its feats. A woman of the troupe was put, tied up with cords, into a basket placed on the cement floor. She screamed as a sword stabbed through the sides of her prison. Yet when its lid was opened she had disappeared, to

return and sit by its side. At length the renowned conjuror with due solemnity proceeded to his most remarkable performance. He exhibited a dried mango seed to the spectators, and then planted and watered it in a mound of earth brought for the purpose. Aided by no sleeves, dress, or paraphernalia, he waved over and covered by the small plot with a silk handkerchief. When he raised this for the first time a young shoot with leaves had appeared. Again the silk bandanna covered it; again it was lifted, and disclosed the crisp young plant putting forth a few more leaves and stalk. All the spectators were carefully watching and observing the movements of the great artist. He was himself tremendously excited, and when successively with more waves of the handkerchief, the mango-tree had grown in stature to a couple of feet high, with clean green leaves on a stalk which sprang from the interior of the stone that was firm with its roots in the undisturbed moistened earth, there was a tumultuous burst of applause. He then handed round leaves which he broke off the sturdy little tree. All the beholders declared this performance most wonderful, and all sorts of arguments and theories were started to explain how such a seeming impossibility could be effected.—The foregoing description and the drawing from which our engraving is taken are by Major-General H. G. Robley.

THE QUEEN IN FLORENCE

THESE engravings, as well as "British Residents Signing Addresses to the Queen," are described on page 400, but regarding the sketch of the Flower Stall Major-General Robley writes:—"There are many open-air flower stalls in the City of Flowers. My sketch shows one at the corner of the Strozzi Palace. The flowers and



BRITISH RESIDENTS AT FLORENCE SIGNING AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO HER MAJESTY

bouquets that tempt the passers-by are arranged on the massive basement which distinguishes the old Tuscan style of building."

Our illustrations of the Palazzo Vecchio and the general view of Florence are from M. Charles Yriarte's admirable work "Florence," which we reviewed some years since. It is published in the original French by Rothschild of Paris, and in English by Sampson Low and Co.

H.M.S. "RATTLESNAKE"

TORPEDO gunboats and torpedo cruisers are the order of the day everywhere. It is now a long time since our naval authorities first came to the conclusion that though we must be possessed of some big ships with heavy armament, both offensive and defensive, at the same time a large number of smaller light and swift craft were absolutely indispensable. Not a few critics of distinction have again and again urged that the larger vessels were too costly, and that a million sterling spent on one of these might be much more advantageously laid out on several second or third rate vessels of greater speed. Swiftiness is everything as regards torpedo warfare. When one comes to think that a class of vessel of which the subject of the sketch is a type can be made to reach a speed of over twenty knots an hour, and that with a comparatively small consumption of fuel, the deduction must be that perfection has been almost attained. A score, or even a dozen, of these little vessels, under the cover of a dark night, would prove a deadly foe to grapple with. Armed with the "search light" they could make a dash on an enemy from different points simultaneously.

The *Rattlesnake* (twin-screw steel torpedo gunboat, 450 tons, 2,700 horse-power) is one of four in process of completion, the remaining three being named appropriately as is the first, the *Grasshopper*, *Spider*, and *Sandfly*.

So pleased were the Admiralty with these boats that they determined at once to augment the number by seven, thus making eleven in all; though the latter will be somewhat like the first-named, they will be of greater tonnage, and, instead of carrying but one, will mount four guns.

The *Rattlesnake*, though comparatively a little vessel, is constructed to "stow away" a marvellously large quantity of material in the shape of engines, coal, &c., and it is wonderful how sufficient space could have been found under the circumstances for cabin accommodation, yet there is just enough room, and no more. One may call her, indeed, a *mulum in parvo*. Eighty tons of coal, her complement, will take her at the highest speed 1,500 miles, whereas the same quantity of fuel, at fifteen knots, will last over 2,500 miles.

The "Dynamo Room" in the bow presents an interesting study, the space being very limited, and there may be truly said to be hardly "room enough to swing a cat." In this compartment, not only are torpedoes stored and fired, but the principal portion of the electric apparatus is also kept. The "Conning Tower" must not be passed over: it is there that the chief officers direct the movement of the ship, while taking sight of the enemy, by telegraphic communication to all parts of the vessel. Guns and torpedoes are also fired by wire from the same spot. The commander's cabin, in the stern, has likewise a very limited space, having room only for a bed, washing-stand, and a sideboard, the remaining area being entirely taken up by the torpedo "gear." In the "Mess Room," Jack's life lies in a nutshell. The sketch gives only one half the compartment, namely, that on the starboard side, looking "for'ard." At night-time, when the hammocks are all slung and occupied, there is not a cubic foot to spare, the men are then packed like "herrings in a barrel" from deck to ceiling, one over another. But "Jack" does not seem to be at all unhappy in his quarters, and, as has always been from time immemorial with him, he good-naturedly shakes down and accommodates himself as circumstances will allow. The after-dinner hour is employed in various ways, such as writing, reading, singing, &c., as the spirit moves him. With all the sparse accommodation, it must be borne in mind that the vessel

would seldom be long or far away from land, so that many of the crew would be as a rule on leave. Take her for all in all the *Rattlesnake* is a smart, serviceable, little craft. Her dimensions are:—length between perpendiculars, 200 ft.; extreme breadth, 23 ft.; mean draught, 10 ft.; depth, 16 ft. Her engines are very powerful (2,700 horse power) and the tonnage, 450. She was built and furnished with engines by Messrs. Laird, of Birkenhead.

W. E. A.

DUBLIN CASTLE, ILLUSTRATED, I.

See pp. 405 *et seq.*—The portraits of Lord and Lady Londonderry are from photographs by Chancellor, Dublin.

"THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 409.

STUDIES OF LIFE IN IRELAND, VII.

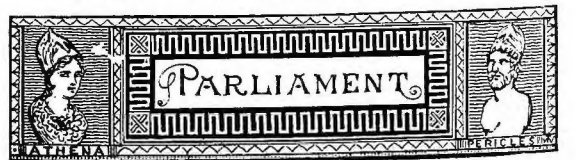
"A PROCLAIMED MEETING."—Although this meeting was not stormy enough for the police to have to use their rifles, there were plenty of skulls dented by their batons. The villagers seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves. With no special object in view, they hurled themselves into the ranks of the police time after time, until, several of them being taken prisoners, they left the field in the possession of the police, and dispersed. If our artist had only been able to put the wild Irish cry, or rather shriek, into his sketch, it would have been even more realistic than it is. This shriek is typical of Ireland, and can be compared to no sound heard elsewhere. It is sharp and piercing, and woe-betide the unwary stranger (unless he be deaf) who is standing within reach of it, for he will feel for two days afterwards as if the drums of his ears were split.

THE RECENT ATTACK ON ROBARRIE.—An officer of the First West India Regiment writes to us concerning this affair:—"The statement which appeared in your columns on February 25th, that, in the attack on Robarrie, West Coast of Africa, the soldiers were led by fifteen blue-jackets, is entirely erroneous, as the blue-jackets were in the centre of the column during the whole of the expedition, and were taken great care of. The soldiers (First West India Regiment) lost sixteen wounded, one of whom, a corporal, afterwards died of his wounds, and while one sergeant died of heat apoplexy, the blue-jackets had no casualties."

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB

THE exhibition of this Society just opened at the Dudley Gallery, together with some works of real artistic value, contains several remarkable chiefly for their eccentricity. The largest picture in the collection, representing three naked girls on the sea-shore on "A Summer's Evening," by Mr. P. Wilson Steer, with its pervading sickly orange tint, and its excessive and entirely unmeaning *impasto*, looks like the work of one of the most extravagant and least capable of the French impressionists. Mr. Walter Sickert's large picture at the opposite end of the room, in which an ill-formed and awkwardly-posed little girl is seen singing in a music-hall, is very disappointing. The drawing is incorrect, and it has none of the beauty of colour that we have noticed in some of his smaller works. M. Jacques E. Blanche's flimsily-painted half-length of a graceful lady, and the pastel-drawing called "Danseuse Verte," by M. Degas, are characteristic examples of the French impressionist school. In the latter, the harsh, metallic green skirts of the girl vigorously pirouetting in the foreground, and the scarlet costumes of the *coryphées* behind, combine to produce a singularly discordant effect of colour.

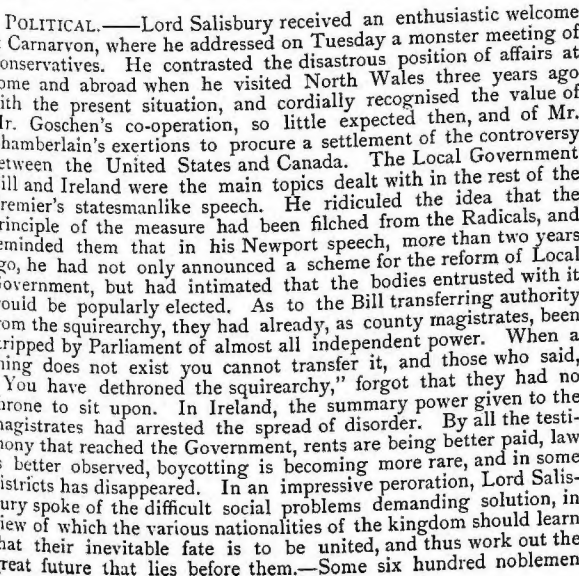
Mr. A. Chevallier Tayler's picture of domestic life in Venice, "A Council of Three," is not very interesting in subject, but it is exquisitely harmonious in colour, and painted in excellent style. There is much excellent work in Mr. Norman Garstin's picture of a young girl watching a blacksmith at work—"An Iron Master;" but its opacity of colour and the impenetrable blackness of the shadows detract a good deal from its value. By Mr. Anderson Hague, whom we have hitherto known chiefly as a landscape-painter, there is a characteristic and broadly-painted study of a rustic boy, called "An Unwilling Model;" and by Mr. L. Bernard Hall a small picture of a lady reading a letter, remarkable for its refined beauty of colour and complete modelling of form. Mr. T. B. Kennington's "One of the Masses" would claim more notice if it did not so closely resemble more than one of his previous works. A very life-like and firmly-painted head, entitled "Myself," shows Lillie Delissa Joseph to be a very youthful artist of great ability. The portraits by Mr. H. S. Tuke and Mr. S. J. Solomon, and the landscapes by Mr. Alfred Hartley, Mr. W. J. Laidlay, and Mr. E. Aubrey Hunt well deserve attention.



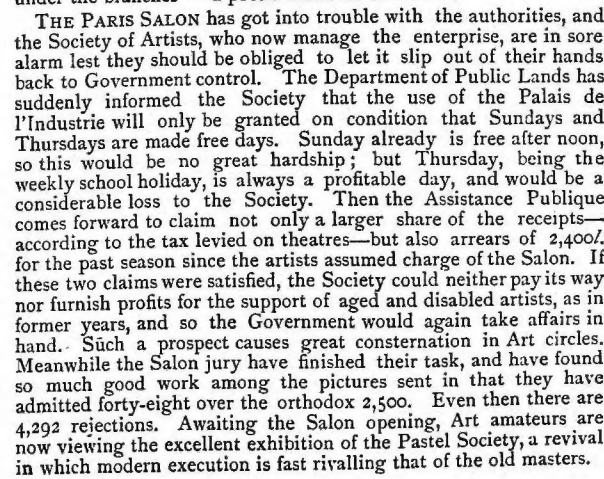
THE Government are diligently making hay whilst the sun, represented by the benevolent countenance of the Leader of the Opposition, shines upon them. Last week was wound up with two such nights in Committee of Supply as must have made to water the mouths of ex-Financial Secretaries who have laboured in quite other circumstances. Meeting on Thursday after the Easter Recess, the Government found the way into Committee barred by half-a-dozen notices of amendment. It is one of the curtailed privileges of private members that, on the first night of going into Committee on any one of the Estimates, the Speaker must needs remain in the Chair whilst members who have put down notices of amendment discuss their varied topics. In former times it has been no uncommon thing for the entrance to Committee of Supply to be postponed night after night whilst all subjects under the sun were discussed. It might well have been supposed that, even in the new order of things, the one opportunity of asserting the much-talked-of rights of private members would have been jealously guarded and fully maintained. But at twenty minutes to four—ten minutes after public business had commenced—the House was in Committee, and remained hard at work up to eleven o'clock, at which hour they were so surprised to find how much work they had done that progress was reported, and the House was immediately after counted out. Much the same thing happened on Friday, when the exceptional privilege of moving amendments was foregone, and the House spent a really businesslike sitting over the Civil Service Estimates, finishing Class 1, and making a hole in Class 2.

On Monday there was some expectation that what has grown to be the monotony of exemplary conduct in the proceedings of the House would be varied. There appeared substantial grounds for this expectation. On Sunday there had been a battle-royal in Ireland, Mr. Parnell's followers setting up in various centres of

Wednesday was exclusively an Irish sitting, quite a rarity in these days. Mr. Blane brought in a Bill, understood to be Mr. Parnell's, for the relief of agricultural tenants in Ireland. Debate, therefore, occupied the whole of the sitting; at the close of which the Bill was, on a division, thrown out.

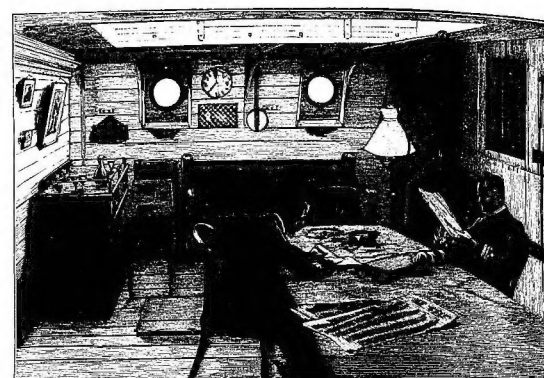


OUR OBITUARY records the death, in her eighty-ninth year, of Lady Wake, the last surviving sister of the late Archbishop Tait, who has contributed reminiscences of him and his family to his forthcoming biography, and who, brought up in the Presbyterian faith, was at the age of seventy confirmed by him; in his sixty-first year, of Sir Charles Watson-Copley, Bart.; in his sixty-third year, of the Hon. William H. Walsh, a native of Oxfordshire, formerly Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Queensland and Minister of Works in that colony; in or about his forty-ninth year, of Mr. Russell Robertson, Assistant-Judge and British Consul at Yokohama; in his eighty-second year, of Mr. John Bury Dasent, late Judge of the Bow and Shoreditch County Courts; in his fifty-first year, of Mr. E. J. H. Stoneham, a leading member of the Corporation of London, and described as "one of the largest cheap booksellers in the metropolis," who was the unsuccessful Unionist candidate for North-East Bethnal Green at the last General Election; in his seventy-fourth year, of the Rev. Thomas H. Sheppard, Fellow and Chaplain of Exeter College, Oxford, a very energetic promoter of Conservatism in the University; in his sixty-first year, of the Rev. Charles Beard, a well-known Unitarian minister, founder of the *Theological Review*, and some years since Hibbert Lecturer; in her sixty-third year, and in very straitened circumstances, of Miss Maria Hook, eldest daughter of Theodore Hook, the once famous wit, novelist, and editor of *John Bull*, who until recently had maintained herself by giving lessons in languages at Brixton; and of Mr. Walter Ingram, youngest son of the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, formerly M.P. for Boston, and founder of the *Illustrated London News*, who a few days ago was killed by an elephant which had been wounded by a shot from one of the hunters, near Berbera, on the East Coast of Africa, whither Mr. Ingram had gone on a hunting expedition. He was in the thirty-third year of his age, and had been married only about a year. He had travelled extensively, was in Zululand at the time of the campaign against Cetewayo, joined the brigade of Sir Herbert Stewart in its march across the Bayuda desert, was attached to Lord Charles Beresford's naval corps, took part in the battles of Abu Klea and Metammeh, and his services, which were mentioned in Lord Wolsley's despatches, were rewarded with a medal.

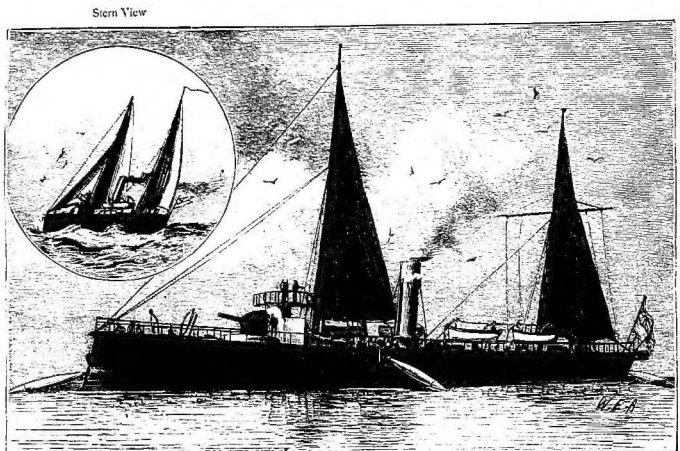




THE STROKE HOLE



THE WARD ROOM



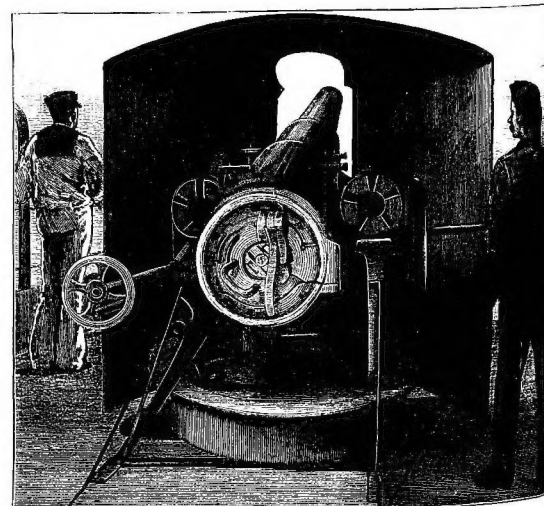
THE "RATTLESNAKE" LAUNCHING TORPEDOES



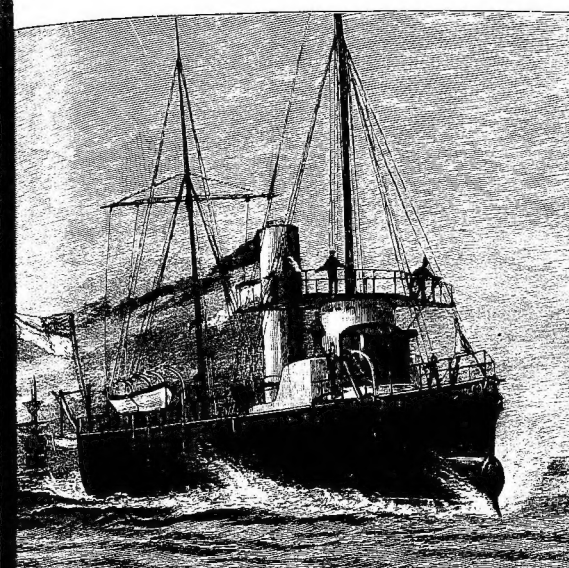
SAILORS' MESS



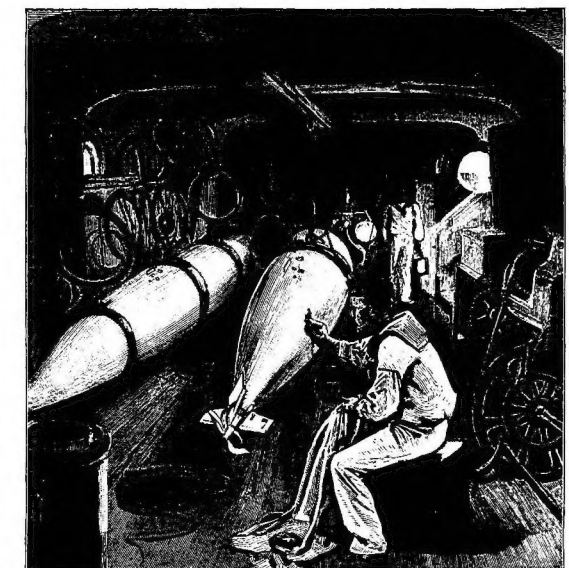
COMMANDER'S CABIN IN THE AFTER PART OF THE SHIP



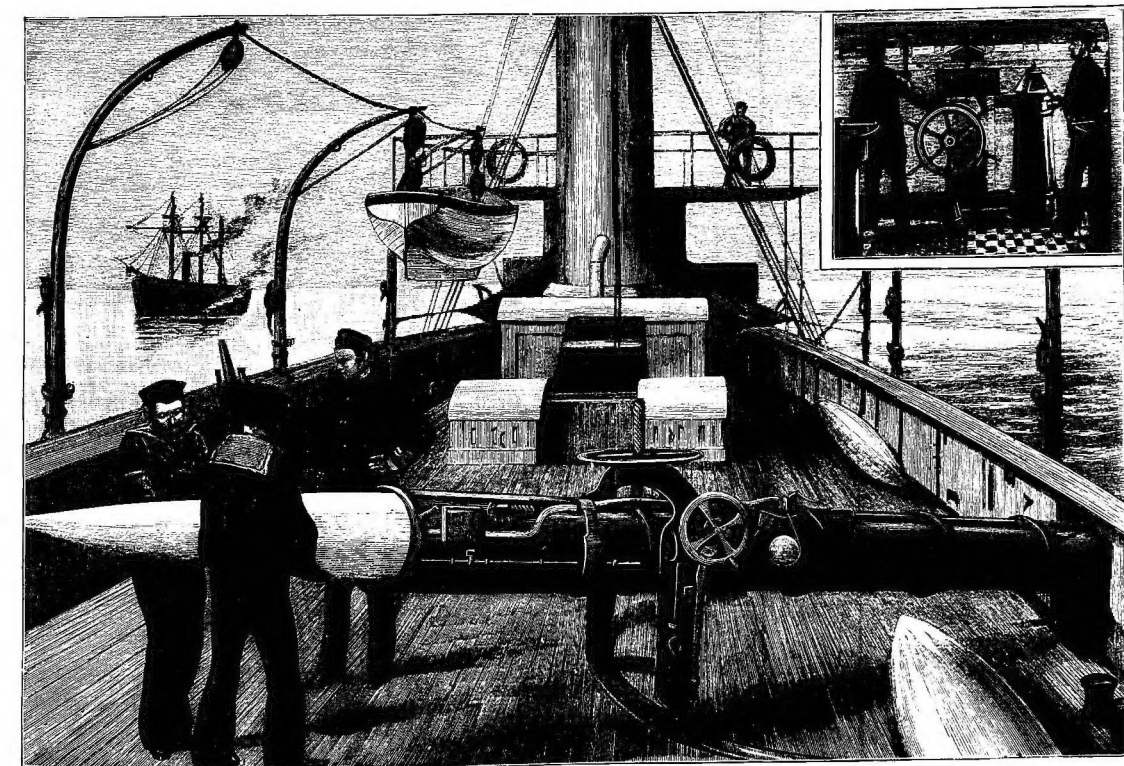
QUICK-FIRING GUN—SIGHTING FOUR-MILES' RANGE



FULL SPEED—20½ KNOTS AN HOUR



DYNAMO ROOM IN THE FORE PART OF THE VESSEL



LOADING A TORPEDO TUBE ON THE UPPER DECK, LOOKING FORWARD

H.M.S. "RATTLESNAKE"—THE NEW TORPEDO GUN-BOAT

FOREIGN

THERE has been a serious "Chancellor crisis" in GERMANY. For the last two years there has been much talk of a proposed marriage between Prince Alexander of Battenberg and the Princess Victoria, the second daughter of the Emperor and Empress. The late Emperor William and Prince Bismarck, however, firmly opposed any such proposition, in order to avoid any further complications with Russia; and it was not until a fortnight since that the matter was seriously revived. On March 31 the Emperor is said to have informed Prince Bismarck that the marriage would take place; and, on the Chancellor raising grave political objections, told him that the match was ardently desired by the Empress. Prince Bismarck accordingly asked to see her, and then again urged his objections, intimating that if the marriage were persisted in he should have to tender his resignation. Next day was Prince Bismarck's birthday, and Prince William made the now famous speech about following the Chancellor's lead as standard-bearer of the Empire, the original version of which has since been greatly modified by the official text, which makes the Prince's words far more applicable to the Emperor than to Prince Bismarck. A few days later the Emperor appears to have informed Prince Bismarck that Prince Alexander would shortly arrive in Berlin, and that he intended to raise his proposed son-in-law to the rank of *Fürst*, by which he would rank as a member of the Royal Family, to create him a general, and to bestow upon him the Order of Merit—the highest Prussian decoration for bravery. The Chancellor then drew up a memorial of forty pages, detailing the various political reasons against such a step, and once more firmly declared his intention to resign unless the Emperor gave way. This certainly had the effect of causing Prince Alexander's journey to Berlin to be postponed, and according to the semi-official journals Prince Bismarck was announced to have gained the day. Later information, however, rendered this solution of the difficulty doubtful, and the enthusiasm shown on the Empress's visit to the inundated districts aroused a belief that after all the Emperor might consider himself sufficiently strong in his popularity with the nation to bear the loss of the great Chancellor. On Tuesday Prince Bismarck had a two hours' interview with the Empress, and with regard to this the Chancellor's organ announced that the marriage had been abandoned. It is believed, however, that the matter is only postponed, and the fact that our own Queen is strongly in favour of the match, and that she is coming to Berlin on her return journey to England gives colour to the suspicion that Prince Bismarck may eventually be wosted by the united trio of Victorias. Should such a contingency occur the Prince would probably be succeeded by Prince Hohenlohe—at present Statthalter of Alsace and Lorraine.

Public opinion in GERMANY is somewhat divided regarding the conflict, and it is generally believed that the marriage question has merely been used by Prince Bismarck to cover numerous differences which are generally reported to exist between the Emperor and himself. In RUSSIA curiously enough Prince Bismarck's opposition to the marriage is greatly ridiculed, and the statement that he is actuated out of regard for the Czar's feelings is stigmatised as a new political trick. It is pointed out that, on the contrary, the very fact of his becoming the Emperor's son-in-law would preclude him from ever returning to Bulgaria as a vassal to the Sultan. It is also to be noted that by Clause 3 of the Berlin Treaty, the Prince, as a "member of a reigning European family," would be ineligible for the Bulgarian Throne. The *Moscow Gazette* is particularly bitter against the German Chancellor, and remarks, "Russia will lose nothing if the marriage of Prince Alexander of Battenberg liberates Europe from Prince Bismarck's tyranny." One journal, however, the *Grashdamine*, adopts a very contrary opinion, and attributes the whole crisis to the influence and selfish purposes of designing England. In AUSTRIA the course of the crisis is followed with the greatest interest, and Prince Bismarck's high-handed treatment of the Emperor, and his excessive tenderness towards Russian feelings is very angrily commented upon, and by his "humiliating concessions" to Russia he is charged with having handed over to her the road to Constantinople. "It is the East which is being sacrificed," remarks the *Wiener Tagblatt*, "and it is not Germany who will pay. The solution of the crisis thus becomes of great importance to the Austro-German alliances, for Austria-Hungary cannot be indifferent to the Eastern Question."

The Emperor Frederick does not seem to have been quite so well this week. The headaches from which he suffered at San Remo have returned, his cough has become more troublesome, and there have been some slight swellings in his throat. He has been able, however, to attend to all State affairs, and to take his usual drive. He has bestowed the Grand Cross of the Hohenzollern Order with the Star of the same Order on Sir Morell Mackenzie, and the second class of the Crown Order upon Dr. Hovell, accompanying the gifts with a few flattering words.—The Empress has been to the inundated districts, and has visited various places where the homeless were being sheltered. Throughout her journey, the Empress was received with unbounded enthusiasm, particularly at Posen, where she met with a frantic ovation—a cheering testimony of loyalty after the covert sneers and innuendos in which a certain portion of Berlin Society have been indulging of late. The Empress has issued a reply and thanks to the address presented to her by the girls and women of Berlin, and earnestly asks for their continued co-operation in “great tasks which devolve upon mankind—namely, to alleviate distress and suffering, to create pure happiness, and to lay a sure foundation for all truly human virtues by the proper nurture of children and the young.”

FRANCE continues to be engrossed in Boulangism, and the soldier-politician is certainly scoring heavily against his opponents. At the Dordogne election on Sunday, notwithstanding that he did not offer himself as a candidate, he was elected by 59,000 votes against 35,000 polled for the Republican candidate, and though in Aisne he polled only 11,600 and in Aude 8,000 votes, it is manifest that he has secured a strong hold upon certain sections of his countrymen. He is pinning his fate on the result of the election in the Nord, where everybody expects that he will be elected by a large majority. Consequently he has issued an address to his Dordogne constituency, declining to become their Deputy, notwithstanding "the magnificent demonstration spontaneously organised by your patriotism with my name," "It is not a man that is in question," General Boulanger continues; "it is France. The General against whom so many thwarted ambitions had combined, and of whom it was resolved to make a pariah, disappears in the midst of this great act of reparation in which you have taken part. . . . It will be shown that the Department of the Dordogne is not disposed to allow itself to be extinguished by a Parliament, the sterility and impotence of which will end by holding up the French Republic to the laughter of Europe." After once more asserting his war cry, the necessity for "dissolution and revision," he declares "Universal suffrage is our master. It is intolerable that politicians who have fallen into disrepute should put forth their pretensions to make it their servant." He then tells the Dordogne electors that on Sunday the electors of the Nord will join them in a new and not less significant protest, and winds up with announcing that the "hour has come when every Frenchman without distinction of

territories or provinces should unite in one single purpose—the greatness of the country.”

General Boulanger is aided in his campaign by the Bonapartists, who greatly relish the tendency towards Cæsarism into which he is fast drifting, and which is causing very serious apprehension to all Moderate Republicans. The *Débats*' remark, that "There is no concealing the fact that we are in presence of one of the gravest dangers this country has encountered for a long time," is being echoed far and wide, and "What is to happen next?" is being asked on all sides. The General himself declares that his present programme of "dissolution and revision" having been fulfilled, he has his "plan" ready—but what this mysterious plan is he resolutely refuses to disclose at present. The Opportunists seem paralysed for the moment, and the Cabinet is credited with the intention of requesting President Carnot to postpone the reassembling of the Chamber for a month, in order to see if the popular excitement would tone down by that time. Most people shrewdly suspect the General's plan to be the attainment of the supreme power, and the notion of history repeating itself in the form of a dictatorship and, in all probability, another war with Germany, is causing the greatest apprehension amongst thinking Frenchmen. The "masses," however, to judge by their votes, think otherwise, and as ever are ready to give their support to any strong man who has sufficient force of character to rise above the political mediocrities who have so long been the rulers of France, and who, after seventeen years, cannot succeed in forming a Government able to command the support either of the Chamber or the country at large. The French populace are always ready to put their trust in King Stork rather than King Log. The middle classes, however, have had quite enough of the former, and while the *gamins* of Paris raise cheers before the Hotel de Louvre, where the General lives, and greet him as he drives by with cries of "Vive Boulanger," the shopkeepers shout from their thresholds "A bas Badinguet." The Republican Members of the Council-General of the Nord, also, have issued an address to the electors warning them by their vote of to-morrow not to "abdicate their liberties and submit to the rule of the sword by favouring the accession of a Dictator."

From ITALY we hear that several transports have been despatched to Massowah to bring home a portion of the troops in Abyssinia, so that there now seems comparatively little danger of any further serious hostilities. The retreat of the Negus is looked upon as a success for the Italians, and is certainly so complete as to give rise to the suspicion that some "understanding" has been come to between General San Marzano and King John, especially as Ras Aloola is stated to have been disgraced, and replaced in the Government of the Province of Hamasen by another chieftain, Ras Agos. The inhabitants of the provinces of Tigre and Amhara also who followed Abyssinian troops in consequence of the proclamation of a holy war have now returned home. The "Special Colonial Corps" of the Italian Army will remain at Massowah, but the remainder of the troops will go back to Italy.

In INDIA the Viceroy continues his farewell tour, but has decided not to go to Cashmere owing to the epidemic of cholera now prevailing there. At Oudh, in reply to an address, Lord Dufferin remarked that the system of local self government was working in a promising manner, and declared that never during the last hundred years has a deeper feeling of security prevailed among all classes. There is no news of importance from the Sikkim Expedition. A number of Tibetans have been seen near the Jalap Pass who, however, retired upon the advance of our men.—In BURMA the policy of disarming the population continues to be severely criticised, and the *Rangoon Times* declares that in this manner the loyal classes are left completely at the mercy of the disloyal, as the dacoits have no difficulty whatever in procuring arms. "The worst fears," it continues, "regarding the effect on the local people of all races are being realised, and the end is not yet. There are already indications that no act of the Government during the war has been more disastrous to the pacification of the country than this, save, perhaps, the disbanding of Theebaw's troops with arms in their hands."

In the UNITED STATES President Cleveland has received a letter from the Pope expressing his thanks for the gift of a copy of the United States Constitution on the occasion of his Jubilee, and expresses his sense of the great distinction of receiving such an unexpected gift from the ruler of a free people. The Pope concluded by declaring that he prays for America, and for the perpetuation of its institutions of liberty. Senator Roscoe Conkling is dangerously ill from the effects of the blizzard in New York, to the fury of which he was exposed for some hours. The Mayor of New York has vetoed the resolution, passed by the Board of Aldermen, restricting the Mayor's control over the raising of flags on the City Hall. This resolution was passed because the Mayor would not display Irish flags on St. Patrick's day.

CANADA, after a fortnight's parliamentary debate, has rejected Sir Richard Cartwright's motion for unrestricted trade reciprocity with the United States, and has adopted, by a majority of 57, a Ministerial amendment to the effect that "Canada in future, as in the past, is desirous of cultivating and extending trade relations with the United States in so far as they may not conflict with the policy of fostering the various interests and industries of the Dominion which was adopted in 1879, and has since received in so marked a manner the sanction and approval of the Canadian people."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—In SPAIN the trial has taken place of Dr. Middleton for shooting a gipsy who attempted to rob him when visiting the towers of Cordova Cathedral. Dr. Middleton has been treated with every courtesy, and has been allowed to live in his hotel. The gipsy was a notoriously bad character.—In EGYPT four unarmed Bluejackets, who were strolling outside Suakim, were attacked by a party of rebels who were lying in ambush—one, Armourer Small, being dangerously wounded with nine spear and sword wound-. Three of the assailants were killed by a Gatling on a neighbouring redoubt.—A letter has been received from Emin Pasha, dated August 10, 1887. All is well at Wadelai, the crops are abundant, the cotton plantations yielding well, and "altogether things look more brightly than before." He approves of Stanley having chosen the Congo route, as he would have found still greater difficulty and danger had he gone by way of Uganda, but strongly reiterates his determination not to leave the country on the arrival of the Relief Expedition. "Would you," he asks Mr. Allen, Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, "to whom the letter is addressed, 'desert your own work just at the dawn of better times?'" A later letter brings news up to September 3rd, when Emin expresses his opinion that the difficulties which Stanley would have to overcome—almost impassable swamps, and the number of rivers with floating vegetation—would quite suffice to account for the delay of the Expedition. The latest intelligence from Wadelai is dated September 24th, when no news of Mr. Stanley had been received.

A "BOULANGER" FIGURE is the latest success in Parisian cotillions. The gentlemen turn up their coat-collars, put on blue spectacles, and walk down the ball-room with a slight limp, in imitation of the disguise which General Boulanger is said to have adopted when he came to Paris on the sly. A lady chooses the gentleman who best resembles "our little Ernest," and waltzes with him, limp and all.

THE COURT

THE QUEEN remains at Florence until the end of next week. Her Majesty is much pleased with the city and its surroundings, and is especially gratified by the warm reception and attention shown to the British Royal party by the Florentines. The greetings between the King and Queen of Italy and Queen Victoria were especially cordial, while King Humbert and Queen Margherita gave a grand lunch at the Pitti Palace to Her Majesty, who sat on the right hand of the King, the Empress of Brazil being on his left. The Emperor of Brazil, the Queen of Servia, and Princess Beatrice further formed the Royal party, and Earl Cadogan, as Minister in Attendance on Queen Victoria, and Sir J. S. Lumley, British Ambassador to Rome, were included among the fifty-six guests. The Italian King and Queen left Florence for Rome the same evening. On Saturday the Queen and Princess Beatrice spent the morning in the Villa gardens, and drove to Fiesole in the afternoon, also receiving a call from the Archbishop of Florence. Next morning they attended Divine Service in the Villa, where the Dean of Windsor officiated, while in the afternoon they drove in the neighbourhood of the Villa. Monday morning Her Majesty and the Princess spent at San Dominico di Fiesole, where they met the Seventh Regiment of Bersaglieri, and the Queen inspected the corps, who subsequently marched past the Royal party. In the afternoon Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove to Bello Sguardo, and on Tuesday visited the Church of Santa Maria Novella. On Wednesday Her Majesty visited the Badia Church and the Cathedral. They continue to visit the Florentine museums and picture galleries, and have been through the Bargello National Museum. Princess Louise is expected to join the Queen this week in time to keep the Princess Beatrice's thirty-first birthday to-day (Saturday), but Prince Henry of Battenberg has gone to Malta, on a short visit to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. At present the Queen still intends to return to England *viâ* Germany, in order to visit the German Emperor and Empress at Charlottenburg, and it is possible that Her Majesty may stay long enough to witness the marriage of Prince Henry and Princess Irene, unless the wedding is deferred until May 24th, as at present suggested. Probably Her Majesty will reach Charlottenburg on Sunday or Monday, travelling *viâ* the Brenner Pass.

The Prince and Princess of Wales received another Silver Wedding gift at Sandringham on Saturday, when attending the East Winch Steeplechases, near Lynn. Accompanied by their sons and daughters the Prince and Princess were entertained in a large marquee by the members of the West Norfolk Hunt, who, through their Master, Mr. Hamond, presented a silver model of a fox in full gallop, and an album containing the subscribers' names. Afterwards the Royal party witnessed the races. Another wedding gift, by the by, is shortly to come from the Prince's regiment, the 10th Hussars, a full-length statuette of Prince Albert Victor. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and their family attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Rev. Teignmouth Shore preached. The Prince comes up to town this week to see Prince George start to rejoin his ship, the *Dreadnought*, at Malta, on the expiration of his leave.

The eldest son of Prince and Princess Christian, Prince Christian Victor, comes of age to-day (Saturday), when there will be great festivities at Cumberland Lodge, and Windsor will present him with the honorary freedom of the Royal borough. The Prince and Princess' second daughter, Princess Louise, has just been confirmed at Windsor by the Bishop-Designate of Wakefield, late Bishop of Bedford.—The Duchess of Albany's brother, the Hereditary Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont, appears to be out of danger from his severe attack of scarlet-fever. At one time his condition was very serious. The Empress of Austria and the Archduchess Valérie have gone to Bournemouth. Her Majesty was not well during the close of her stay in town, but the young Princess kept up her sight-seeing to the last, going to inspect the Jubilee Presents at Bethnal Green, to Windsor on Sunday to see the Castle, and on Monday to the Crystal Palace, Dudley House, and the British Museum. After a week at Bournemouth the Empress and her daughter will cross to Cherbourg on their way to Baden-Baden.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are now staying at the Indian hill-station of Mahableshwur, amid lovely forest scenery.

CHURCH NEWS

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY will receive at Canterbury Cathedral on June 30th the prelates attending the Pan-Anglican Conference, and will deliver an address of welcome.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON, opening on Tuesday the second Session of the London Diocesan Conferences, said that, in his opinion, it would not be wise to divide the Diocese of London, but it needed the labours of more than one, more than two, more even than three suffragan Bishops. He did not despair of obtaining, as time went on, such further assistance as might be necessary.

DR. PEROWNE of Cambridge and seven members of the Church Missionary Society, including the incumbent of St. Barnabas, have signed a communication to the *Record* in reference to the circular, previously referred to in this column, in which Lord Lichfield and other members of the Association lamented the alleged tendency of the Association to "depart from distinctively Protestant and Evangelical principles." They deprecate what they regard as a threat "to bring organised discord into the councils of the Society," the effect of which will be "to disturb and paralyse its action." In conclusion, they say, "We would express our unshaken confidence in the loyalty of those who now manage the Society's affairs to the great principles of the English Reformation so dear to its revered founders. To those principles our own attachment is firm and unabated."

THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION invites Evangelical Churchmen to promote a petition asking Parliament to substitute deprivation for imprisonment as the punishment of contumacious clerics who disobey the judgements of Ecclesiastical Courts.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF LONDON has granted a faculty to pull down the old parish church of Stepney, and to erect a new church at a cost of 20,000*l.*, of which 12,000*l.* are already in hand.

NEW STREET CHAPEL, St. Giles's, built 185 years ago for French Protestant refugees, became for half-a-century the central preaching place of John Wesley, and was afterwards for many years a proprietary chapel of the Church of England. On the death of its last minister it was offered for sale, and, through the interposition of a friend, was bought in for 4,500*l.*, to be transferred permanently to the Church of England if the money can be collected within a reasonably short time. In this event, the Rector of St. Giles's will make it the permanent church of his Seven Dials Mission, for the

congregation connected with which it has been recently reopened. About 1,700l. still requires to be raised, and if this cannot be done the chapel will be sold once more for business purposes.

MR. SPURGEON, who is again seriously indisposed, has met with a courteous but decided negative the request made to him by nearly a thousand Church officers of the Baptist Communion to reconsider his attitude towards the Baptist Union, in order to prevent further discussion.



THE PROCEEDINGS of the General Court-Martial on Major Templer, Seventh King's Royal Rifles, for improperly giving information in connection with the department of military-ballooning, in which he is an instructor, has been concluded. The charges rested chiefly on the evidence of witnesses who deposed to his presence in Birmingham on certain specified days. It was proved to the satisfaction of the Court that he was not in Birmingham on the most material of those days, and they pronounced him honourably acquitted of all the charges.

THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION, on the re-opening of the Law Courts on Tuesday, adjudicated on an action for libel brought by the New Chile Mining Company against a Venezuelan Mining Company. The plaintiff Company were the successors in title of the Old Chile Company, three years after the winding-up of which the Directors of the defendant Company issued a circular, charging that Company with having improperly obtained possession of a certain quantity of gold belonging to another Company, and it was insinuated, at least so the plaintiffs contended, that it ought to be restored by them, they denying the truth of the allegations. The Court gave judgment for the defendants, Mr. Justice Field remarking that a jury might reasonably find the defendants guilty of libelling the Old Company, but this was not a libel on the New one, which was not accused of stealing, or improperly dealing with the gold. The mere allegation that a man is under a pecuniary liability is no ground for an action for libel.

THE CONDUCTOR of a LOTTERY of rather an ingenious kind, worked through a periodical called *Leisure*, and professedly in conjunction with a "National Prize Competition Company," was sentenced by a metropolitan police-magistrate to a month's imprisonment. There were no blanks in it, and the advertisement said, "This is no lottery, as every one gets a present," a statement which, when the conductor appealed against his sentence at the Middlesex Sessions, his counsel admitted to be "bad law." The Court confirmed the conviction, but in consideration of the appellant's good character altered the sentence from imprisonment to the payment of two fines of 25l. each.



THE NEW SEASON.—Easter has been a distinct boundary line between the winter and summer seasons. During the present month, indeed, for some curious reason musical performances will be more or less slack. There are only half-a-dozen events this week, and fewer than a dozen next. In short, *entrepreneurs* seemed to have unduly frightened themselves on the death of the Emperor William, and, as performances cannot be organised in a hurry, the bulk of the season's work will be limited to May and June. The Philharmonic concerts will, it is true, be resumed next week, but the Sarasate concerts will not commence till May 5th, the Richter concerts till May 7th, and the Hallé recitals till May 11th. The Bach Choir performance of the Mass in B minor will be given on May 12th, about which date also the Royal Italian Opera will open. The Von Bülow recitals of Beethoven's pianoforte works will start later on. The Nilsson farewells will begin late in May, and the Sembrich concerts early in June. In June will take place the first of a series of Biennial Festivals, to be given alternately in Lincoln and Peterborough Cathedrals. At that busy time of the year London critics clearly cannot attend, and, therefore, the affair will (as a beginning, at any rate,) be of little more than local interest. Towards the end of June the Handel Festival will take place at the Crystal Palace. The leading details we have already announced. The Italian Opera season at Covent Garden (in all probability the only opera season of the summer) will end about mid-July, and in the course of that month the Chester Festival will take place. The Promenade Concerts will open at Covent Garden about August 11th. August will see the Birmingham, September the Hereford, and October the Bristol Festivals, and by that time the busy London season will again have commenced.

LITTLE HOFMANN.—Little Joseph Hofmann has returned from the United States. He landed at Southampton on Thursday last week, and came on to London, his ruddy cheeks, freshened by the sea air, wholly contradicting American reports of his severe illness. However, it has been thought advisable that he should have a few months' rest, and accordingly he started on Sunday for Berlin, and afterwards he will go Eisenach, and subsequently probably to Carlsbad. He will return in the autumn to give pianoforte recitals in England.

DVORÁK'S SYMPHONY IN F.—Antonin Dvorák's Symphony in F, written in 1875, if not before, but only recently published, was produced for the first time in this country at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. Its somewhat romantic history was not stated in the analytical programme. At the time when it was designed, Dvorák was a struggling and well-nigh friendless beginner. He had given up an ill-paid position as one of the violinists of the Bohemian Opera House at Prague, and was trying to live upon about 15l. a year, the salary of his post of organist at the Adalbert Church, and a few pounds more gained by teaching. Moreover, he had recently married a wife, and was in bitterly practical fashion testing the question whether two (and a little child) could really live as cheaply as one. After many disappointments he, for this very Symphony in F (really his first symphony), at length gained a grant from the Austrian Government of 35l.—an "artists' stipend," as it was called, given to assist struggling musicians. The 35l. decided his fate, and he determined to be a composer. His troubles were, it is true, not even then over, for in the following year his colossal *Slavos Mater*, which is now generally allowed to be one of the finest of modern compositions, and the recognition of which was first due to London, was ignominiously rejected by Austrian bureaucracy as utterly unworthy of pecuniary encouragement at all, and it was not until two years later, when Herbeck discovered his talent and introduced him to Brahms, who recommended him to his first publisher, that Dvorák's future was tolerably assured. The symphony in F, therefore, has some sort of historical as well as purely musical interest. In the work itself, however, we

find Dvorák's style by no means thoroughly formed. In the first two movements he hovers between Germanism and Nationalism, and the result is a curious *mélange*. But in the *scherzo* he shows himself a true Czech, and still more so in the *finale*, which is as unconventional a piece of workmanship as could possibly be desired. —At Saturday's Crystal Palace concert also, Madame Valleria sang, and Herr Hans Wessely, an Austrian violinist and a pupil of Professor Grün of Vienna, made a fairly successful *début*. He will probably be heard to better advantage when he gets a better violin, and performs more satisfactory music than Spohr's seventh Concerto in E can pretend to be.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The new Royal College of Music will, it is said, be built on the site of the conservatory which adjoins the Royal Albert Hall, and will be separated by a broad roadway from the new Imperial Institute.—Mlle. Vera Verrinski (Miss Minnie Colman), who has recently won successes in opera at Milan, is a niece of John Stuart Mill.—The clever young soprano, Miss Whitacre, who was taken seriously ill on suddenly receiving a telegram announcing the death of her father, is now better, and will return to England to resume her professional duties in the autumn. —The blind pianist, Mr. Hollins, a pupil of the Royal Normal College of Norwood, won a great success last Saturday, at a concert at Boston, U.S.—The deaths are announced of Mr. W. R. Nicholson (by accidental burning), a well known English writer on musical subjects; of Mrs. Amelia Louisa Freund, also a popular writer on such things and widow of Dr. J. C. H. Freund, a famous German physician, long settled in London, also of Alkan, who, sixty-seven years ago, was a pianoforte "prodigy," and was afterwards a teacher in Paris; and of Antonio Rera, who for nearly seventy years was a member of the chorus of La Scala, Milan, and knew all the old Italian operatic celebrities.—Mr. Carl Formes, the veteran operatic basso, will make his first appearance these twenty years in London at a concert to be given on the 23rd in aid of the Homoeopathic Hospital.—The rumour is unfounded that Miss "Nikita" has been engaged by Mr. Augustus Harris for the Royal Italian Opera.—A subscription is being organised for the benefit of the well-known opera manager, Mr. J. H. Mapleson.



AUDIENCE nowdays are not inclined to look with much favour upon the poetic drama. It is to be regretted, therefore, that now that Messrs. Hare and Kendal have transferred their attention to this particular branch of stage-craft they should have had nothing better to present to their patrons at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre than a revival of Lovell's play of *The Wife's Secret*. This piece was long in the exclusive repertory of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, but it never earned any great degree of popularity as produced by them, and it was scarcely more successful when produced some ten years ago at the Olympic Theatre, where Miss Bella Pateman sustained the principal character. At the St. James's it has the advantage of all those luxurious scenic accessories which have gained for this theatre a reputation equal, in this respect at least, to that of any other house, subsidised or unsubsidised, in Europe. The noble interiors of the fine old Dorsetshire mansion of the period of the Commonwealth—here presented to the eye of the spectator in all the details of richly carved oak and Gothic ornamentation, are distinguished by a completeness and an air of solidity which make the illusion absolutely perfect. Again, the exterior with its drawbridge and stone terrace would afford a fitting subject for the brush of an artist. In spite of all this, however, and of the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and the able company with whom they appear, the play never once awakened any genuine interest or enthusiasm. It is felt that the distresses of the Roundhead's wife, who has concealed in the house of her husband her brother, a fugitive Royalist, and who thereby naturally incurs the suspicions of her frank and honourable partner, are too obviously of her own seeking, and are capable, moreover, of being so promptly dispelled at the mere will of the dramatist, to occasion any unnecessary apprehension on her behalf. No less conspicuous than the unwisdom of this lady's persistent refusal to explain the true state of affairs when challenged by her husband (although, as is abundantly proved in the last act, a few frank words of explanation are all that is required), is the folly with which she neglects the most obvious precautions to prevent her secret becoming known. The lower chamber in which the fugitive is concealed is an apartment of palatial dimensions, and so reckless is she, that she is seen embracing her brother in his retreat, in spite of the fact that the candles are alight, and that there appear to be no blinds to the window. There is some vigour in the author's blank verse, but the lines do not always scan, and the affectation of archaisms in the language is carried to the same ridiculous extent as in the novels of Harrison Ainsworth. The language of the time of Cromwell did not differ so much from that of the present day as the author evidently imagined, and what difference there was consisted far more, of course, in modes and habits of thought than in mere expressions.

Miss Grace Hawthorne, the American actress, who is at present the manageress of the PRINCESS'S Theatre, appeared there on Tuesday afternoon in the part of the heroine of a new play, by Mr. J. F. Nisbet, entitled *Dorothy Gray*. The piece is described as being in five acts, although in reality it is in six, the first being divided into two scenes, with an interval of some months between them, a more flagrant violation of the unity of time than has been witnessed within our recollection. One great defect of Mr. Nisbet's play consists in the excessive number of personages introduced. It was all but impossible, within the brief period allotted to him, to interest an audience in the doings of such a motley assembly of personages; and, moreover, their relative positions, or the manner in which they come together, is never satisfactorily explained. Hence, although the story of the fortunes of the poor country lass who becomes a famous opera-singer has some dramatic qualities, the play narrowly escaped condemnation. Some responsibility for this result attaches to the performers, who were for the most part ill-suited to the characters they had to represent. Miss Grace Hawthorne has much to learn before she should attempt so trying an emotional part as that which she assigned to herself.

The Loadstone, a new drama, by Messrs. Edgar Pemberton and W. H. Vernon, brought out at the LYCEUM Theatre by the company under Miss GENEVIEVE Ward, who have been temporarily occupying the stage of that house in the interval between the departure of Miss Mary Anderson and the return of Mr. Henry Irving, proved to be a commonplace production. Buried deep down in the volumes of the penny illustrated periodicals there must be scores of works of fiction hardly differing, even in detail, from this play as regards the plot and characters. The missing marriage certificate which is somehow to affect the transfer of a title and estate is, in the popular phrase, rather "played out." Not even the assurance in this case that another copy could be obtained from the church—which, of course, everybody knows—but that there are certain mysterious "collateral documents" which are necessary evidence, can be held to affect the case. Yet the mere production of these potent documents apparently is enough to dispossess the actual holder of the estates, and to install in possession the needy

claimant. Miss GENEVIEVE Ward acted with power, but to little purpose, as a lady who goes mad, and deliberately shoots her husband's murderer with a revolver, pointing it at him for fully five minutes, and played with him all the while as a cat plays with a mouse.

Another new play, *Barren Land*, by Messrs. Henry Byatt and William Magnay, was brought out on Wednesday afternoon, and had a fairly favourable reception. It sets forth, however, a repulsive story of unrequited love and attempted violence on the part of a village pot-house loafer, impersonated with more care than the part deserved by Mr. Royce Carleton. The final scene, in which the heroine is decoyed by the villain into an old barn, and is only just rescued in the nick of time by the woman who is his repentant accomplice, was only relieved from its unpleasantness by the absurdity of the appearance of poetical justice in the shape of the village idiot armed with a poker.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has definitively made up his mind to abandon farcical comedy, thus leaving the field clear to Mr. Hawtrey at the COMEDY and to Messrs. George Giddens and T. G. Warren, who have made a promising beginning in theatrical management at the NOVELTY with a revival of *Nita's First*. Mr. Wyndham will probably devote himself to the revival of the late Mr. T. W. Robertson's comedies, and will produce for the first time in London a comedy by that author called *Birth*.

Mr. Irving will make his re-appearance on Saturday evening at the LYCEUM in *Faust*.



THE TURF.—With the City and Suburban decided, the racing season is now fairly in its stride. For the great handicap, which was run on Wednesday last, there were fourteen runners—a much better field than last year, though not up to the numbers of a few years back. Several of last year's Derby horses, including The Baron, Eiridsford, Martley, and Merry Hampton, faced the starter, and the last-named, probably in consequence of his Epsom victory, was most in demand, while the fact that Merry Duchess won last year, and Royal Hampton the year before, was certainly a good omen for a horse which combined the names of both. It was not to be, however, and Merry Hampton was pulled up absolutely last. The winner was Sir George Chetwynd's Fullerton, while Oliver Twist and Abu Klea, both of which have been running well, were second and third respectively. With the consent of Mr. Abington, the Stewards have instituted an inquiry into the running of Merry Hampton. The chief event on the first day of the Epsom Spring Meeting was the Great Metropolitan Stakes. Tissaphernes, The Cob, and Chippeway started equal favourites at 4 to 1, and Tissaphernes won, the Cob was second, and Renny third. The Great Surrey Handicap fell to Bartizan, the Holmwood Two-Year-Old Stakes to Heptarchy, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes to Devils-hoof. On the City and Suburban day Cardinal Wolsey won the Manor Plate, and Goodnight the Stamford Plate, while the Hyde Park Plate fell to an extreme outsider in the filly by Springfield—Griselda.

The most valuable race ever run for by two-year-olds was the Portland Stakes, of 7,000sovs., decided at Leicester on Friday last week. The chance of such a valuable prize attracted a good field of twenty-five runners. Of these, Chitabob was made favourite, but he failed to justify his position, and the race fell, appropriately enough, to the Duke of Portland's Donovan, the winner of the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln. El Dorado was second, and Your Grace third. The colt by Springfield—Pinta, was successful in the Excelsior Breeders' Foal Stakes, and the colt by Doncaster—Shannon, who deserves a name by this time, won the Melton Plate. The Leicestershire Handicap on Saturday also fell to the Duke of Portland with Johnny Morgan, King Monmouth being second, and Kinsky third. Master Charlie won the Wigston Plate, but backers sustained a severe reverse when Clan Chattan bowled over the odds of 11 to 2 laid on Plantagenet for the Queen's Plate. The Grand Military Meeting at Sandown and the meetings at Catterick Bridge and Croxton Park call for little comment. At Sandown, Bertha, Rosenallis, and Brave secured the chief events, while Captain E. R. Owen distinguished himself by winning a race on Southam after being thrown off; while at Croxton, Sherbrooke won a couple of races during the afternoon.

CRICKET.—There are some useful hints in Barlow's little handbook on the game (Geo. G. Bussey and Co.) which has lately reached us. Diagrams showing batsmen how to stand, and bowlers how to place their fields, will be found useful. The art of stealing short runs (in which Barlow himself is a proficient) is also touched upon. Pilling adds a few remarks on the subject of wicket-keeping, but naturally, perhaps (for the wicket-keeper is born, not made), does not throw much light upon the subject.

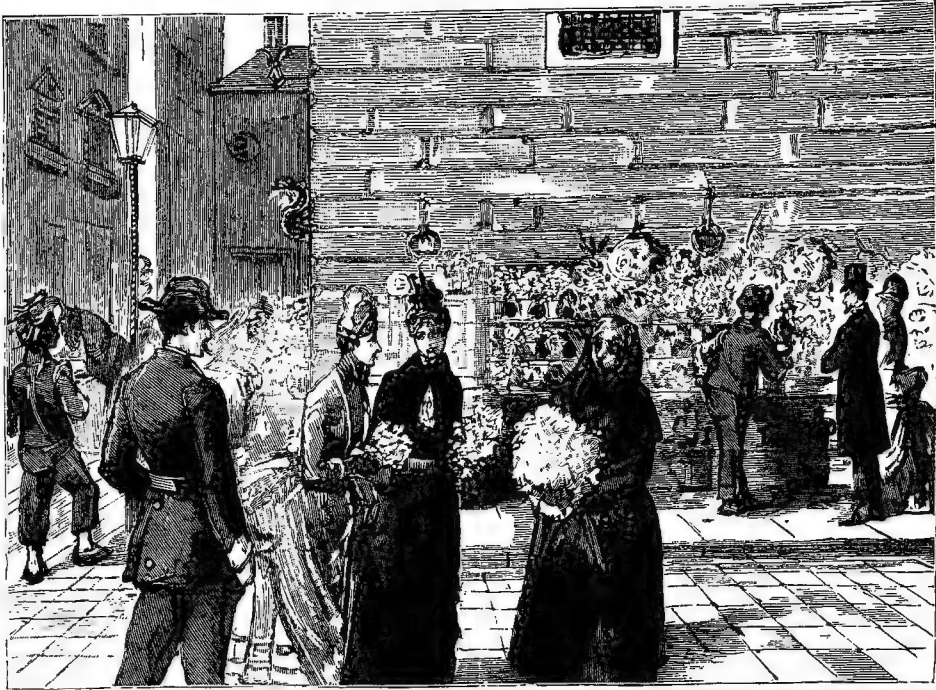
FOOTBALL is nearly over in the South, though the Northerners will keep it up for another month or more. On Saturday England scored their third International victory, beating Ireland at Belfast by 5 goals to 1.—In the last match of their Easter tour the Corinthians beat Everton, but altogether the crack amateur club have not had nearly such a successful season as usual. Of their twenty-one matches ten were won, one drawn, and ten lost, while they kicked fifty-four goals to fifty-two.—Halifax beat Wakefield Trinity in the final of the Yorkshire (Rugby Union) Challenge Cup.

BILLIARDS.—Roberts beat Sala last week, making among other breaks one of 463, though he suffered a good deal from rheumatism throughout the match. Playing against Peall this week, he improved on this performance by putting together 514. His opponent, however, makes full use of the 100 spots allowed him in a break, and is pretty sure to be "there or thereabouts" at the finish. He beat White in their practice-game last week. The all-in game seems to be regaining popularity. This week McNeill, who is new to spot-stroke play in public, played against Mitchell (who, by the way, has accepted Peall's challenge to give any man in the world 1,000 in 15,000, all in), but was easily defeated.

MISCELLANEOUS.—To-day (Saturday) the crack bicyclists of England and America, R. Howell and W. A. Rowe, meet in the first of their series of races at Leicester. The distance is five miles.—Since we last wrote, the Canadian Lacrosse-players have followed up their previous successes by victories over Manchester and District and Past and Present of Cambridge University.—Burnaby showed that his victory in the Waterloo Cup was no fluke, by running into the last round of the Gold Cup at the Gosforth Park Coursing Meeting. Mr. E. Dent's Huic Holloa was to be his antagonist, and a grand course was anticipated. However, the spectators were disappointed, as Mr. Pilkington agreed upon a division of the stakes. Under these circumstances, the Cup itself was withheld.—The Amateur Boxing Championships were decided on Saturday at the Aquarium. In several instances the audience and the judges differed regarding the merits of the competitors, but finally the Heavy Weights went to W. J. King, the Middle (as last year) to R. Hair, the Light Weights to A. J. Newton, the Feather Weights to J. E. Taylor, and the "Bantams" to H. C. M. Oakman.

The Queen at Florence, the City of Flowers

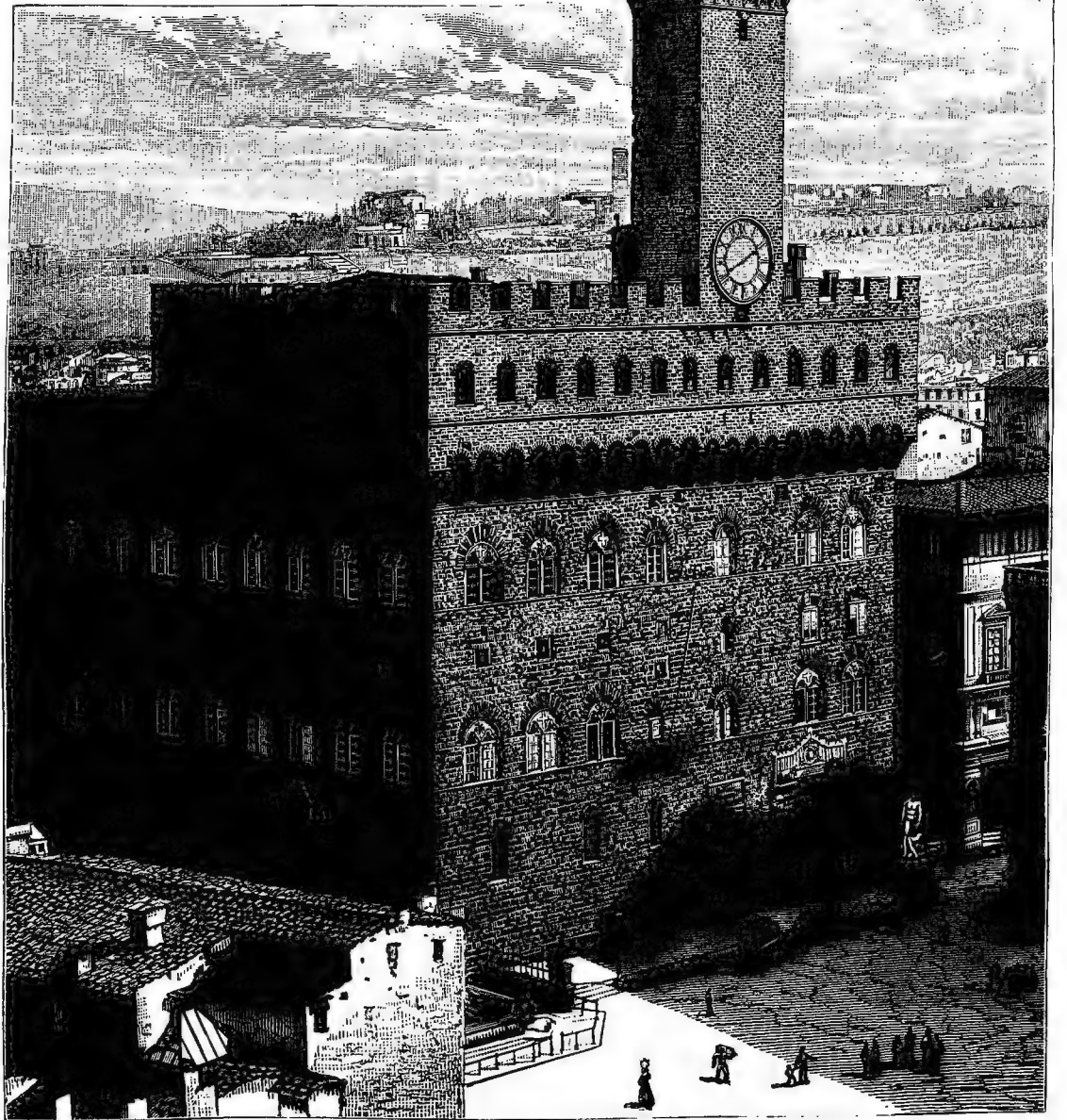
FAIR FLORENCE, the "City of Flowers," has had quite a return of her old courtly gaiety this spring, and her bright, lively, and ever-gossiping citizens have not wanted for the excitement they love so well in welcoming a succession of Royal guests. Indeed, during the past week no less than four crowned heads have met together in the old Tuscan capital—our own Sovereign, the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, the King and Queen of Wurtemberg, and the King and Queen of Italy, who came to Florence especially to pay a visit to our Queen, while we should not forget another Royal visitor, the Queen of Servia, who is still taking holiday from the political polemics which have so upset the Royal family circle at Belgrade.



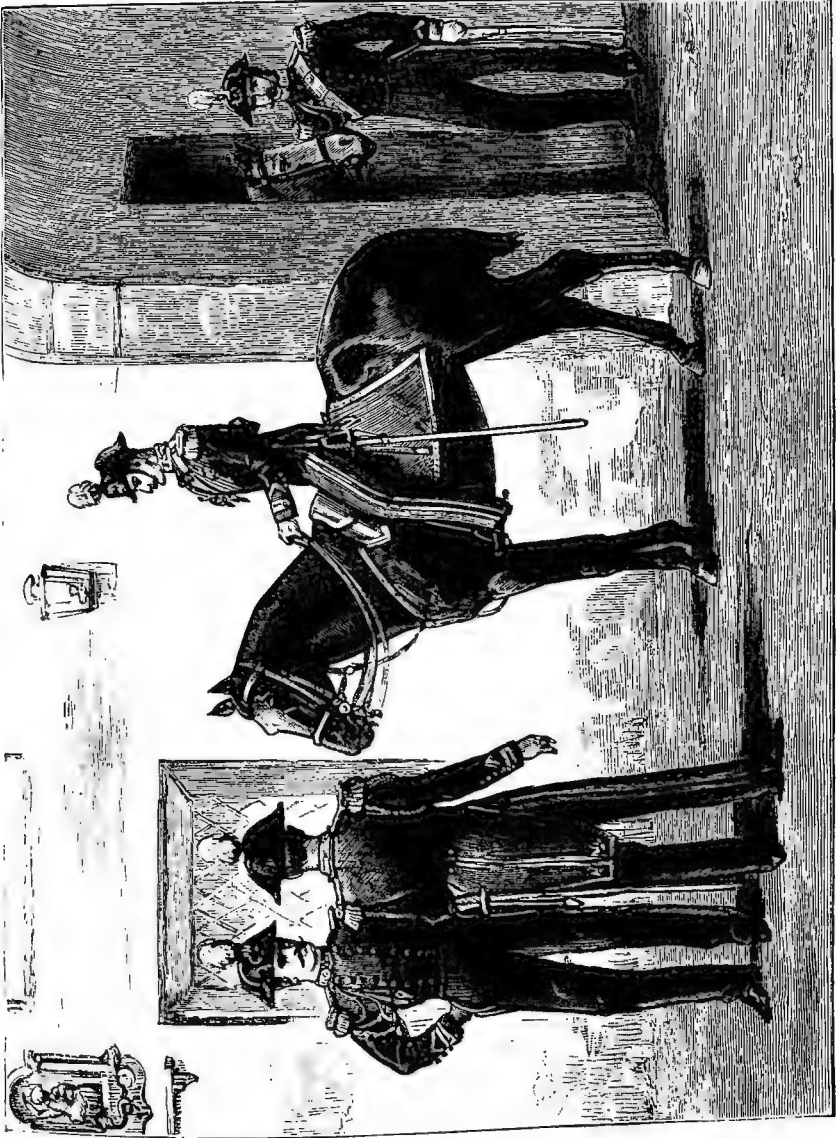
A FLOWER STALL AT THE CORNER OF THE STROZZI PALACE, VIA TORNABUONI

The warm-hearted Florentines have done all they can to show honour to their guests, and the streets have worn quite a holiday appearance, while Her Majesty has expressly acknowledged her pleasure at the reception which has been accorded to her by the people, and at the civility and attention which has been shown her on all sides. The Queen's daily doings are duly chronicled in our "Court" article, but we may mention here that Her Majesty has been conscientiously visiting the many sights which Florence has to show. Indeed, Rome excepted, there is no city in the world which has so much to interest the cultured visitor, no matter in what direction his mind may incline. To the lover of nature no more exquisite scenery can be presented than the country round Florence, while the view of the city itself and its surroundings once seen can never be forgotten. The sculptor will revel in the works of Donatello and Michael Angelo, the architect in the Cathedral, Arnolfo's great work, whose dome is unsurpassed in magnitude, even by that of St. Peter's, in Giotto's inimitable Campanile, and in the many churches and palaces with which the city was enriched by its mediæval princes. For the painter there are the priceless frescoes of Fra Angelico, the poet will revel in reminiscences of Dante and of Petrarch, the romancist will recall the varied tales of Boccaccio, and the historian will find out many relics of the great Medici family which so long and powerfully swayed the destinies of Florence, and indeed of all Italy. Even to the every-day tourist the animation in the streets, the ceaseless chattering of the loitering crowds in the piazzas and the marketplace, the picturesque costumes of the peasants from the surrounding country, the beauty of the flowers on the stalls, and the general air of careless and joyous happiness which seems to pervade the whole population cannot fail to be a striking source of interest, particularly when he hails from the chilly and matter-of-fact North. In the winter, however, Florence can be frigidly cold, but in the spring all Nature seems suddenly to wake up and put on its most smiling garb almost in a day. A well-known writer once wondered how any one lived through a Florentine winter and died in a Florentine summer. How pleasant Florence can be in April, however, may be realised by the appearance of the flower-stall in our illustration, which is from a sketch, a few days since, by Major-General H. G. Robley. The stall in question is situated in the Via Tornabuoni, and is one of the principal in the city. The sketch of the Carabinieri who are guarding Her Majesty's residence—the Villa Palmieri—is also by the same gentleman. Another illustration represents one of the chief architectural features of Florence, the Palazzo della Signoria. This Palace was built by Arnolfo, who was somewhat restricted in his design by the direction of the Guelph faction—then in power—that no foot of ground should be used which had ever been occupied by a Ghibelline building, so that no Ghibelline might subsequently lay claim to the structure. The square battlements are said to be typical of the Guelphs, and the forked battlements on the tower were added later, when the Ghibellines came again into power. The tower was constructed by Arnolfo, upon the tower of the Vacca family, and is 330 feet high. The bell, however, continued to be called "La Vacca," and a favourite joke of the Florentines was to remark when it tolled, *La Vacca mugghia*—"The cow lows." It was from a stone platform, now removed, raised against the northern *façade* of the palace, and called the Ringhiera, that the Signory always addressed the people, and here it was that the Prior and Judges of Savonarola sat and watched the execution and burning of the great preacher. This palace, though far more attractive, is not so old as the well-known Bargello, or Palace of the Podestà, the chief criminal magistrate of Florence in the old Guelph and Ghibelline days. This massive building was mainly built by Arnolfo, and has been the scene of many a tragedy, notably a terrible incident on Aug. 1st, 1343, when the Duke of Athens had taken refuge there and was closely besieged by the noble families of Florence who had suffered from his tyranny. They demanded, as the price of his life, that the Conservatore Guglielmo d'Assisi and his son, a boy of eighteen, who had been the instruments of his cruelty, should be delivered up to them. Forced by hunger, the Duke caused the unfortunate couple to be pushed out of the half-closed door to the populace, who tore them limb

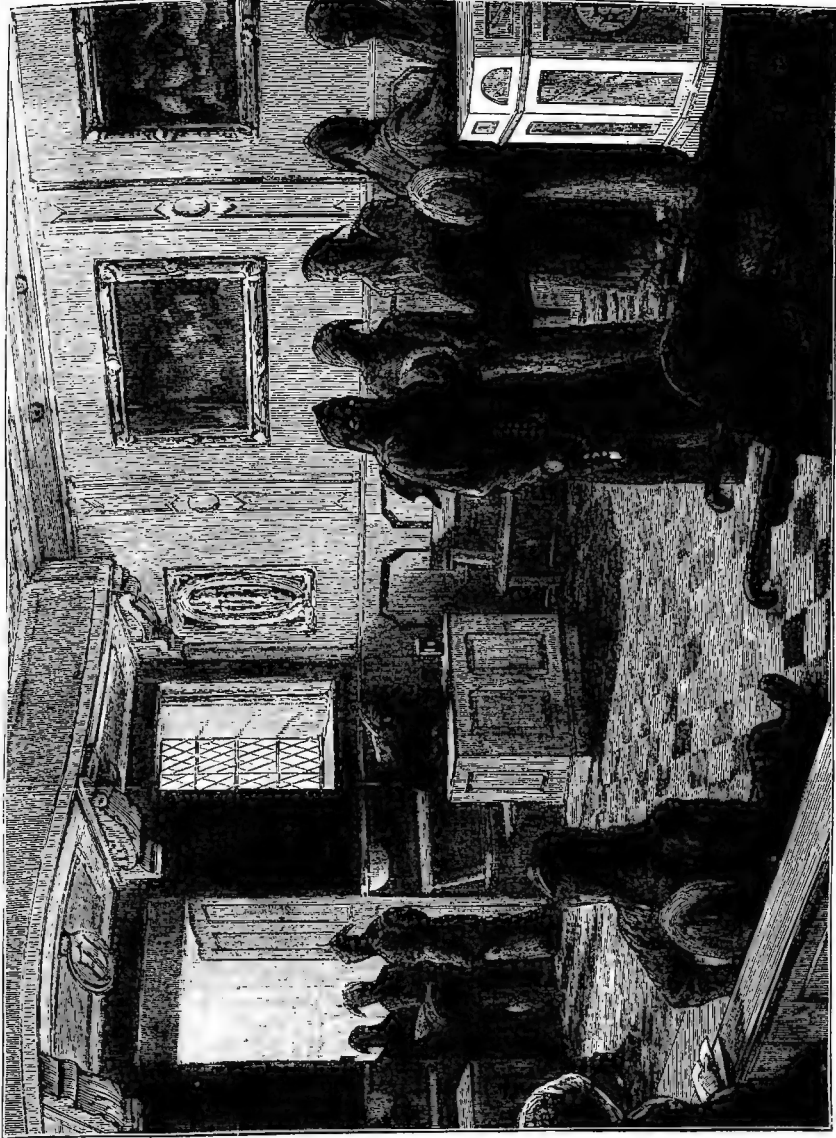
from limb, hacking the boy first to pieces before his father's eyes. The bell in the tower, called the *Montanara*, was also known as *La Campana della Armi*, for whenever it rang out in time of tumult, the Florentines were bound to put up their weapons and return peaceably to their homes. The Bargello now serves as a national museum, and has been visited by Her Majesty, who was conducted round the collection by the British Consul-General. Another characteristic relic of old Florentine life is shown in our illustration of the Chapel of the Misericordia—that lay confraternity truly denominated Brothers of Mercy, who, unrecognized in their uncouth inquisitor-like garments, are always at the beck and call of the sick, poor, and needy. Six centuries ago this band of helpers was founded by a young porter, named Pietro Borsi, who—an earnest reformer of his period—persuaded his fellows to institute among themselves fines for swearing for the purpose of buying litters for the sick and wounded. He then induced them to bear in turn their share of carrying the victims of accident or disease to the hospital, and the dead to the grave. So praiseworthy a fraternity quickly grew in number, until in its ranks were enrolled members of the great and wealthy, even the Grand Duke himself—in later days—taking his share of charitable work. The costume is to prevent any grateful recognition on the part of the patient, who is only allowed to recompense his benefactor with a glass of water. The Brotherhood still continues faithful to its work, and at the sound of the Cathedral bell the brothers whose turn it may be repair to the Chapel—a half-hour glass being turned to mark the time between the summons and their arrival. After a brief prayer from their "Captain" the brothers are given their instructions, and set off on their errands of mercy, which range from sick nursing to bearing patients to the hospital, or even putting out a fire should one break out. Charitable folk at home might do worse than imitate the good porter's example, and found a "Band of Pity" in some of our great towns, where charity in our days is far too cut and dried. To return to Her Majesty and her visit, the British colony in Florence have been most enthusiastic in greeting their Sovereign, and before her arrival it was determined to draft an address of welcome to the Queen. This was accordingly done, and the document was placed to receive signatures in one of the libraries of the town. Thither, as our illustration—from a sketch by Major-General Robley—shows, eagerly flocked the British residents and visitors of all ranks to testify their loyalty by signing the scroll, which was embellished with numerous distinguished names whose owners were paying a passing visit to Florence.



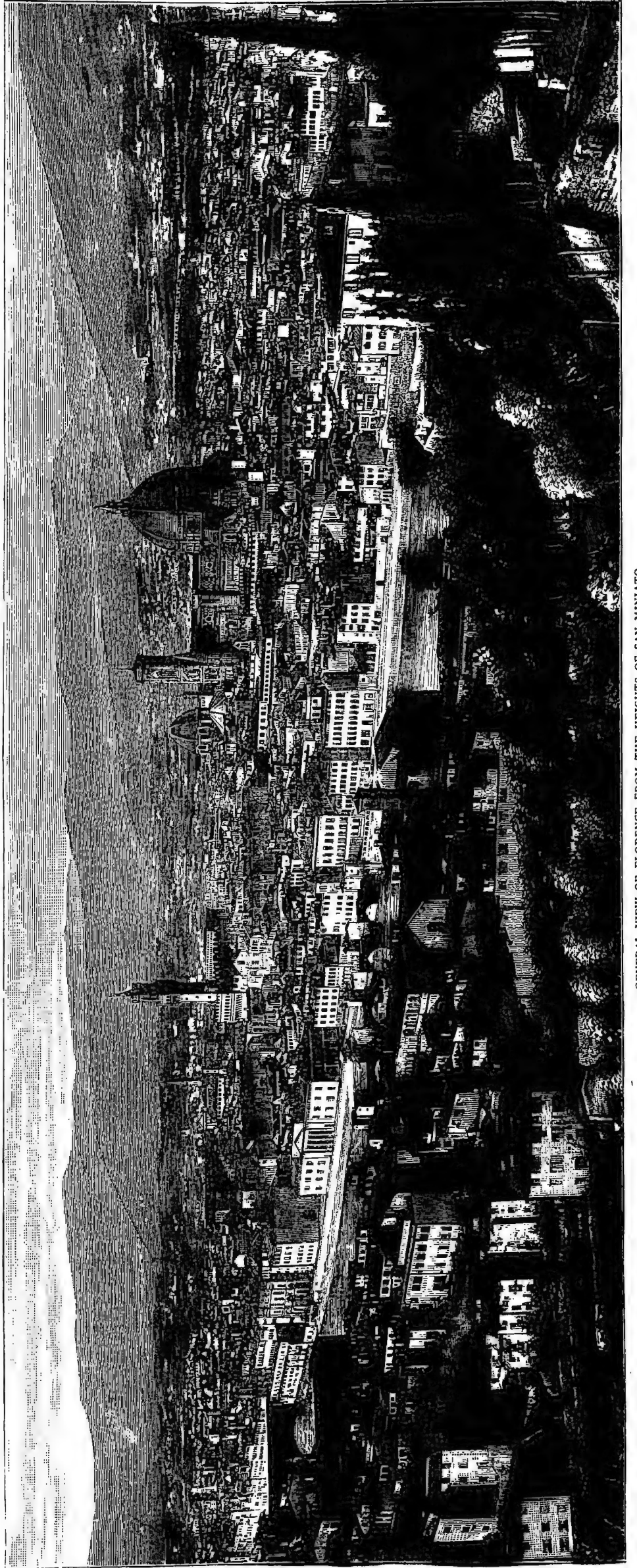
THE PALAZZO VECCHIO DELLA SIGNORIA



GUARD OF ROYAL CARABINEERS AT THE GATE OF THE VILLA PALMIERI, HER MAJESTY'S RESIDENCE



THE CHAPEL OF THE MISERICORDIA—BROTHERS OF MERCY ASSEMBLING FOR THEIR DUTIES



GENERAL VIEW OF FLORENCE FROM THE HEIGHTS OF SAN MINIATO

THE QUEEN AT FLORENCE



II.

THE *Nineteenth Century* has a more imposing list of distinguished contributors than any other of the reviews. Among the writers are Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Justice Stephen, Viscount Melgund, Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, M.P., Mr. Swinburne, Sir John Pope Hennessy, and Prince Krapotkin. The first of these contributes the opening article on "Civilisation in the United States." On the whole Mr. Arnold's verdict is unfavourable. He finds across the Atlantic a want of the interesting in life, a lack of distinction. "In truth," he observes, "everything is against distinction in America, and against the sense of elevation to be gained through admiring and respecting it." The glorification of "the average man," who is quite a religion with statesmen and publicists there, is against it. The addition to "the funny man," who is a national misfortune there, is against it. Above all, the newspapers are against it.—Viscount Melgund gives some useful hints as to the better utilisation of "Our Auxiliary Cavalry," so as to render the splendid raw material in our Yeomanry available for the nation's need, by cutting down its superfluous ornamentation, and by training and equipping it on mounted infantry lines.

In the *Asiatic Quarterly*, Sir Edwin Arnold writes a spirited poem on "Berlin—the Sixteenth of March," beginning:—

Thunder of Funeral Guns!
Deep, sad Bells! with your boom;
Sorrowful voices of soldiers and folk!
Whom lay ye here in the Tomb?
'Whom?' the cannons reply
Baying like Dogs of War
Whose Master is gone on a path unknown—
'Our Glory, and Lord, and Star!'

Mr. Holt S. Hallett provides a lucid exposition of the Indo-Chinese commercial problem in "France and England in Eastern Asia;" and most instructive and suggestive will be found "The Hindu Woman," by the Prime Minister of Indore.

The *Contemporary* for April opens with a panegyric on "Frederick III.," by Professor Max Müller, and is also a plea for England's joining a league of peace which should remove all apprehension on the score of France and Russia.—Professor A. V. Dicey contributes a valuable and suggestive paper on "Old Jacobinism and New Morality." It is an instructive analysis of the tendencies which sway the Gladstonian opposition. Of that Jacobinism which they have largely assimilated, Professor Dicey says that it "has always displayed a certain sympathy for mob rule, at any rate where the mob happened to be on the side of the Jacobin. The cause of this is not far to seek. To a sentimentalist passion, emotion, violence of act or feeling are their own justification. To him popular impulsiveness savours of divine inspiration; insurrection is the exercise of a natural right; the excited clamour of the mob is the true utterance of the frenzied enthusiasm of the people. Thousands, or tens of thousands, of workmen collected in Hyde Park engage the interest and therefore the sympathy of your Jacobin far more keenly than do the unseen multitudes of quiet and hardworking citizens who make up the nation."—Mr. Grant Allen draws a pleasant picture of the progress of Algiers under French auspices in "A Glance at North Africa," and expresses strongly his desire that no one may hinder the neighbouring Republic from bringing Morocco under its civilising control.—"Islam and Civilisation," by Canon MacColl, is an antidote to a good deal of the nonsense lately talked about Mohammedanism. If Mohammedanism raises certain lower races, it petrifies them in their moral growth when they have reached the level of the Arabs of Mohammed's day. North Africa, as indeed Mr. Grant Allen shows, proves how destructive and fatal Islam is to higher civilisation.

Sir Charles Dilke adds, in the *Fortnightly*, a sixth paper to his series on "The British Army," where he deals with what he calls "Practical Approximations to the Ideal." Among these are the creation of artillery for the Volunteers, and the provision of a more adequate supply of officers. He insists on the formation of a new Woolwich and a new Aldershot in the North of England. He is more emphatic than ever on the danger we continue to run in our present state of unpreparedness of having an Isandula on our own coasts, which might mean irreparable disaster for the State.—Mr. Swinburne's "The Tyneside Widow" is a wild pathetic poem in North of England dialect.—Most interesting, however, is Mr. Oswald Crawford's "Spring-Time in Rural Portugal." He paints in glowing colours the charm of everything in the country about Oporto. He has been everywhere, and never seen a more happy, prosperous yeomanry. And then he adds: "The very aspects of nature, the genial air, the vines and olive trees, the rocks, valleys, running streams, the song of birds and murmuring of trees on thymy hills, are all such as the sweetest of all pastoral poets used as accompaniments to his idyllic song of a happy rural life."

The Hon. George N. Curzon, M.P., opens the *National Review* for April with an article on "The Reconstruction of the House of Lords." Reform of the Upper House can only come, he thinks, from the Upper House itself. He lays down certain qualifications for hereditary legislators which they must meet before taking a seat, and he points out how they may be largely recruited with life members.—Mr. C. T. Buckland, in "Intemperance in India," shows how monstrous is the assertion made by random-tongued platform orators that we found the people sober and made them drunk. On the general question of prohibition he observes:—"A total prohibition of the use of strong drink and noxious drugs would be impossible in a country in which, as Mr. Edgar's Commission has clearly shown, surreptitious distilling and smuggling in every form are practicable, with the cheapest indigenous materials and with almost perfect immunity from detection."

A new story, "A Stiff-Necked Generation," opens in very promising fashion this month, while "Joyce" comes to a surprising conclusion, as might be expected from the impracticable character of the heroine.—There is an excellent paper on "Fiji" by Mr. Coutts Trotter. He deplores the probable extinction of the Fijians, whom he describes as "perhaps the finest-looking race anywhere." Drink and debauchery are not the sole sources of mischief. He classes with them "the going to church in a full suit of European clothes, and sitting naked in a draught to cool afterwards."

The frontispiece of *Scribner* is "A Street in Gibraltar," engraved from a drawing by Mr. F. C. Jones. On our great fortress by the Pillars of Hercules Mr. Henry M. Field writes with an enthusiasm which would do credit to an Englishman, but would be more enjoyable if we had heard less of the insufficiency of our armaments there.—"Pulvis et Umbra" is the title of a powerful essay, almost weird, by Mr. Robert Stevenson. This is how he describes man's yearly voyage on the earth round the sun:—"Meanwhile, our rotatory island, loaded with viticidal life, and more drenched with blood, both animal and vegetable, than ever mutinied ship, scuds through space with unimaginable speed, and turns alternate cheeks to the reverberation of a blazing world, ninety million miles away."

There is an excellent number of the *Leisure Hour* for April. One of its more attractive features, apart from the serials by the author of "Bootles' Baby" and by Leslie Keith, is "The Home of the Blizzard," by Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, who in her own admirable style, gives many thrilling examples of the cruel work done by that curse of winter in the North-West.—Dr. Alfred Schofield writes very agreeably and intelligibly "Inside a Brain;" and

Dr. Gordon Stables is most interesting about "The Topographical Instinct in Animals."

Atalanta does not fall behind its first promise either in letterpress or illustrations. Mr. Walter Besant once more tries to befriending young authors by giving advice "On the Writing of Novels." "Never, never, NEVER pay for the production of a novel" is his sound counsel. "It is impossible to put this too strongly. Out of all the novels (so called) which are published every year, the vast majority are paid for because they are too bad for houses which respect their name to produce. Do not join this band."

In *Macmillan* is reprinted the address on "The Laws of Property" delivered by Lord Coleridge before the Glasgow Juridical Society. All laws of property, his lordship holds, must stand upon the foot of general advantage; a country belongs to its inhabitants; in what proportions and by what rules its inhabitants are to own it must be settled by the law; and the moment a fragment of the people set up rights inherent in themselves, and not founded on the public good, "plain absurdities" follow.

Temple Bar is a strong number. First there is "Recollections of Charles Dickens," abounding with anecdotic reminiscence of the novelist, some of which is not altogether calculated to inspire admiration of its subject.—"Conversations with the Duke of Wellington" are taken from the unpublished commonplace books of the Rev. J. Mitford, of Benhall. "George the Fourth is no gentleman," the Duke on one occasion said, "though an excellent actor of one for ten minutes. Like Mr. Macready, he can't support it any longer. His conversation with women most offensive." After Waterloo, upon his return to Brussels, the Duke rejected congratulations, and said, "It was a dreadful business; thirty thousand men destroyed, and a d—d near thing."

The *American Magazine* is almost entirely confined to American subjects and American writers. Among the papers of more general interest is "Sixty Years a Model," by Mr. Dwight Benton. The subject of the article, a venerable woman, now over eighty years of age, has posed for Thorwaldsen, Crawford, Gibson, Ingres, Flandrin, Delaroche, Francasini, Fortuny, and Madrazo the elder. She has contributed to many famous pictures and artistic triumphs. She is, according to Mr. Benton, remarkable not only for the services she has rendered to Art and artists, but as an example of nobility and purity of character in an humble walk of life.

In the *Army and Navy Magazine* Mr. Robert O'Byrne continues a useful history of "The Royal Navy;" and Colonel Cooper King in the fifth chapter of his story of "George Washington" shows the difficulty the great man had in appeasing the factious differences among his raw levies from different States.

Mr. Acworth still continues in *Murray* the series of articles on railways which constitute an important feature in that periodical, and Lord Brabourne goes over ground trodden to wearisomeness with "Land and Tithes."—Most seasonable, too, are "Some Recollections of the New Crown Prince of Germany," by "A Former Tutor," from which it is to be gathered that Prince William was, as a boy, both amiable and industrious. "I had no sooner opened the door of his schoolroom one day," writes this gentleman, "than the Prince met me. 'Mr. —, Uncle —' (I dare not give the name, lest Mr. Labouchere should give notice of a question on the subject in the House of Commons), 'Uncle —' says that Oliver Cromwell was a horrid beast. What do you think?'"

Mr. J. A. Farrer conveys much useful information by an article in the *Gentleman* on "Gold-Bearing Britain;" and Mr. George Hooper gives interesting and little-known details about Mr. Pepys in "The Story of His Trial, 1679-80." Two Flemish Heroes" presents vividly the story of the fight for civic freedom made by the Flemings at Courtray more than five hundred years ago.

The *Woman's World* has none but lady contributors for its April number, and the opening article is by H.R.H. Princess Christian, who writes on "Nursing as a Profession for Women;" and ably sets forth the aims and aspirations of the British Nurses' Association. Her Royal Highness very sensibly observes:—"Of course, those qualities so essential to a nurse, viz.: patience, gentleness, tact, tenderness, delicacy of mind, and firmness of manner—can never be tested by examinations; but certainly no nurse will be placed on the register who cannot produce proofs of irreproachable character during the time of her probation."—The frontispiece of this periodical is a three-quarter length portrait of the Queen of Roumania "Carmen Sylva," about whom Mrs. E. M. Mawer, writing at Bucharest, supplies interesting details.

Mr. Walter Besant makes some striking and valuable propositions to fathers in "The Endowment of the Daughter," which appears in *Longman* for April. It is a plea for more use of the facilities afforded by the Post Office to secure annuities for unmarried girls when they reach a certain age. He wants something of the same sort as they provide in Germany for spinsters by a kind of tontine. "If a woman," he says, "has a vocation for any kind of work, as for Art, or Letters, or Teaching, let her obey the call and find her happiness. Generally she has none."



THE SEASON has improved a little since Easter, and the spring flowers are no longer to be kept back. On the 5th of April primroses from the Sussex woods were being offered on the Brighton and Eastbourne promenades, and on the 7th, in London, penny bunches of the April flower were selling in the streets of the West End. Even in London there have been some beautiful sky effects to observe, particularly of afternoons. In the country, spring signs are more marked. The navalwort, or wild borage, has been the first "weed-flower" to show in the woods; the primroses are now following, and the green sheaths of the bluebells, or wild hyacinths, are pushing through the dead leaves and winter debris. In the South of England a few wind flowers, or wood anemones, are out. It is to be feared that the smaller birds have suffered much by reason of the protracted winter. That acute observer, Mr. Luke Ellis, writing on the 7th inst. says:—"In a walk of six miles, the only birds I saw to note were a cock chaffinch in his smartest nuptial dress, and who as usual could not hold his secret as to where he thought of building; a lovely yellowhammer, also in beautiful plumage, far handsomer than any canary I have seen; and also a solitary wagtail, that elegant little cockscum running here and there with nimble feet, and incessantly jerking his long tail." The agricultural prospect presents but little change, but the weather, since April came in, has been getting the soil into a good state for the spring sowings, to effect which the farmer is now impatient.

FARM STOCK have recently been selling fairly well, especially milch cows, which in many districts have been quite eagerly looked after. At Doncaster, home-bred in-calvers have sold at from 17*l.* to 22*l.* These are exceptional prices, but at Leicester, the large local shorthorn cattle of the same class have fetched quite as much, and the Midland markets generally have shown a price of from 15*l.* to 17*l.* For home-bred bullocks, ten to fifteen guineas have been realised. It has been remarked that it is really curious that the spring rise in best mutton should have been for once a source of profit to the farmer instead of to the butcher and salesman. Usually the burden of keeping stock begins to tell very heavily at this time on farmers, of whose impecuniosity the wholesale buyer gets the

advantage, while at the same time the public have to submit to a rise in retail rates.

THE DAIRY INTEREST.—Few Englishmen are aware of the extent to which dairy farming might be developed in our own country. The average yearly purchases of foreign butter made for us amount to 257 million pounds, which would require 1,717,000 cows to produce it. The import of cheese equals the production of 488,000 cows, so that there is a proved market for the produce of 2,205,000 more cows than are now kept. The imports of margarine and similar substitutes for butter equal 140 million pounds, displacing the produce of 939,000 cows. The English consumer, therefore, is supporting 3,144,000 foreign cows, and if Professor Long is right in assuming the average number of cows kept by dairy farmers at 15, then it is clear that over 200,000 foreign farmers, who with their wives and families will make up a population of one million, are supported where a similar home population might thrive. A "backward" movement of one million souls from the overcrowded towns into the country is worth striving for, and some of our best judges in dairy farming think the entire dairy trade can be won back to our own shores by more skilful management of existing means.

THE BITTER WEATHER of March deprived us at the very close of the month of no fewer than three well-known agriculturists. Dr John Wilson, Emeritus Professor of Agriculture at Edinburgh University, was actively engaged in teaching the science of land cultivation from 1854 to 1884. He was a Director of the Highland Agricultural Society, the author of a valuable work on farm crops, and an expert of pre-eminent standing on the subject of breeds of sheep. Mr. Purdon, Editor of the *Irish Farmer's Gazette*, was an indefatigable writer on all branches of agriculture, and the author of a most useful agricultural almanac, which had even managed to surmount that strange English apathy to all things Irish except politics, and was perhaps as extensively sold in London as in Dublin. Sir George Hodson was for many years Chairman of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland. A constant attendant at the meetings of the Society, Sir George Hodson displayed for many years a rare ability in keeping the Society out of that agrarian strife which has latterly crippled all the Irish agricultural societies.

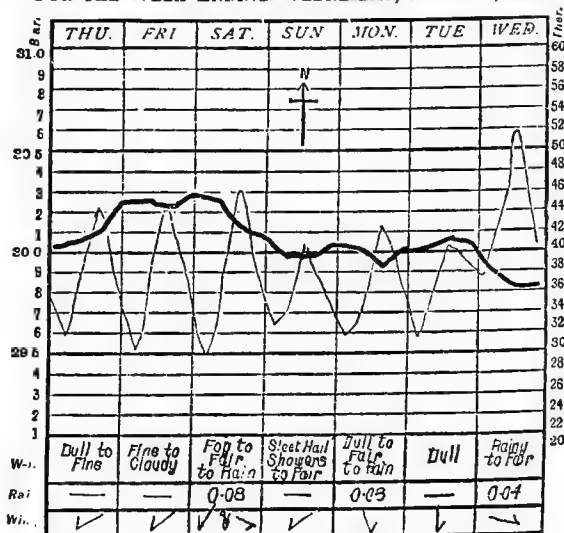
SHORTHORN BREEDERS will read with some disquietude the remarks of Colonel Curtis Hayward, who, as a practical agriculturist, comes forward to say that he thinks the breeders of pedigree Shorthorns have a great deal to answer for in respect of the deterioration of the breed of dairy-cows. At the Royal Show some years ago he was startled by seeing a paddock for nurse-cows, and, having asked what was meant by it, was told that the Shorthorns of the present day could not feed their own young, so that for every Shorthorn they had to bring a nurse-cow to nurse its calf. That is a style of breeding Colonel Hayward will have a good many with him in condemning, though it has to be remembered that at last year's Dairy Show the first prize Shorthorn cow gave 51 lbs. of milk every day she was in the Show.

LOCAL NOTES.—We regret to learn that the Birmingham Agricultural Exhibition Society have lost 299*l.* on the year ending at Lady Day last. Considering that the Spring Shorthorn Show and Sale produced a nett profit of 199*l.*, and the Autumn Shorthorn Show and Sale a nett profit of 63*l.*, we fear that the losses on the Christmas Show and in other departments must have been very heavy indeed. A diminished prize list is suggested as a cure, but we should say that this policy was not at all far-sighted. It is, however, hard to criticise those who are struggling against difficulties of this character. Better news comes from Abingdon, where preparations are already making for the Oxfordshire Society's Show in May. Mr. Morrell has offered special prizes for Berkshire and Oxfordshire cheeses, and also an extra prize for butter. Mr. Mackenzie will give special prizes for Hampshire Down Shearling Rams, and altogether the Show looks like being a capital one, well supported, and of considerable local importance and value.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A big Show will be held at Shrewsbury on 18th, 19th, and 20th July, when there will be eighteen classes for horses, twenty-six classes for cattle, twelve classes for sheep, and six classes for pigs, besides special prizes for butter and cheese, and for wool.—The wheat average remains at 30*s.* 3*d.*, having been practically without any change since February. Barley remains at a comparatively good price, but oats being very cheap as well as a short crop, the losses of Western and Northern farmers, the principal growers of this cereal, are very heavy.—Mr. Pleydell, the President of the Dorset Natural History Society, has just published an interesting monograph of the Birds of the County. It will prove very pleasant reading to all dwellers on the South Coast between Southampton Water and the mouth of the Exe.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1888



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (11th inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Throughout the past week the weather has again been of a very wintry character, and although the sky has been much less cloudy than of late, the air remained raw and cold, with frequent showers of snow or sleet in many parts of the country. Broadly speaking pressure has been highest to the Westward, and lowest to the Eastward of our Islands, and thus the gradient have been favourable for Northerly (North-East to North-West) breezes of little strength pretty generally. Frequent alternations of bright clear weather and light showers of snow or sleet were experienced over the greater part of Great Britain, but in the aggregate the measured amount of rainfall fell a good deal below the normal. Temperature has been considerably over the average in all parts of the United Kingdom. Sharp frosts (for the time of year) have occurred nightly at most of the inland stations, readings as low as 23° being registered in various parts of the country on different dates. The highest temperatures ruled at about 45°, but at a few favoured stations reached or slightly exceeded 50°.

The barometer was highest (30.29 inches) on Friday (6th inst.); lowest (29.84 inches) on Wednesday (11th inst.); range 0.45 inch. The temperature was highest (52°) on Wednesday (11th inst.); lowest (30°) on Friday and Saturday (6th and 7th inst.); range 22°. Rain fell on three days. Total fall 0.15 in. Greatest fall on any one day 0.08 in. on Saturday (7th inst.).



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FOR CONVALESCENTS.

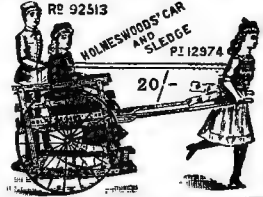
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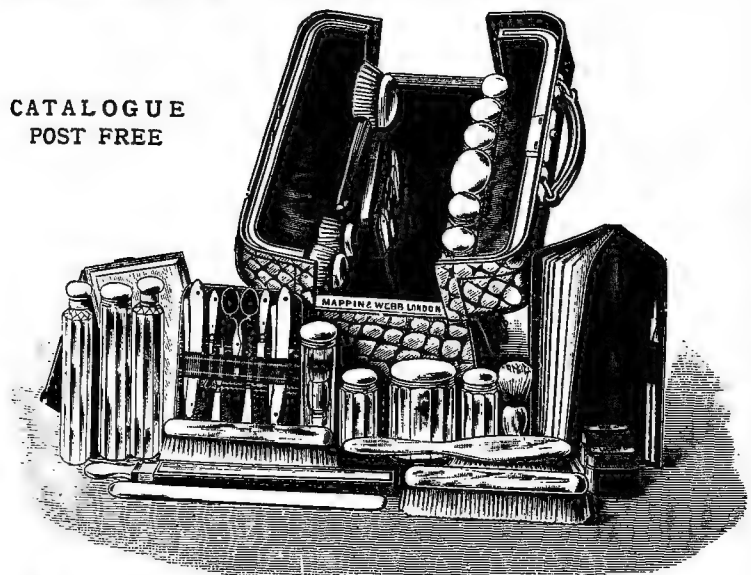
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That ye must work by crime to punish crime,

And slay, as if death had but this one gate?—BYRON.

THE COST OF WAR.—Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman, and child in
an attire of which kings and queens would be proud; I will build a schoolhouse on every hillside and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every
town, and endow it; a college in every State, and will fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel
of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher, so that on every Sabbath the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of
prayer and song of praise should ascend, like a universal holocaust, to heaven.—RICHARD.

WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?

OUTRAGED NATURE. She is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Nature is fierce
when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. Ah, would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of
preventible suffering which exists in England year after year.—KINGSLEY.

Read Pamphlet entitled "DUTY" (on Prevention of Disease by Natural Means), given with each bottle of ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."

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outpouring of a grateful heart. I am, in common I dare say with numerous old fellows of my age (67) now and then troubled with a
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your composition, that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment always remaining at the bottom of the glass. I give the following
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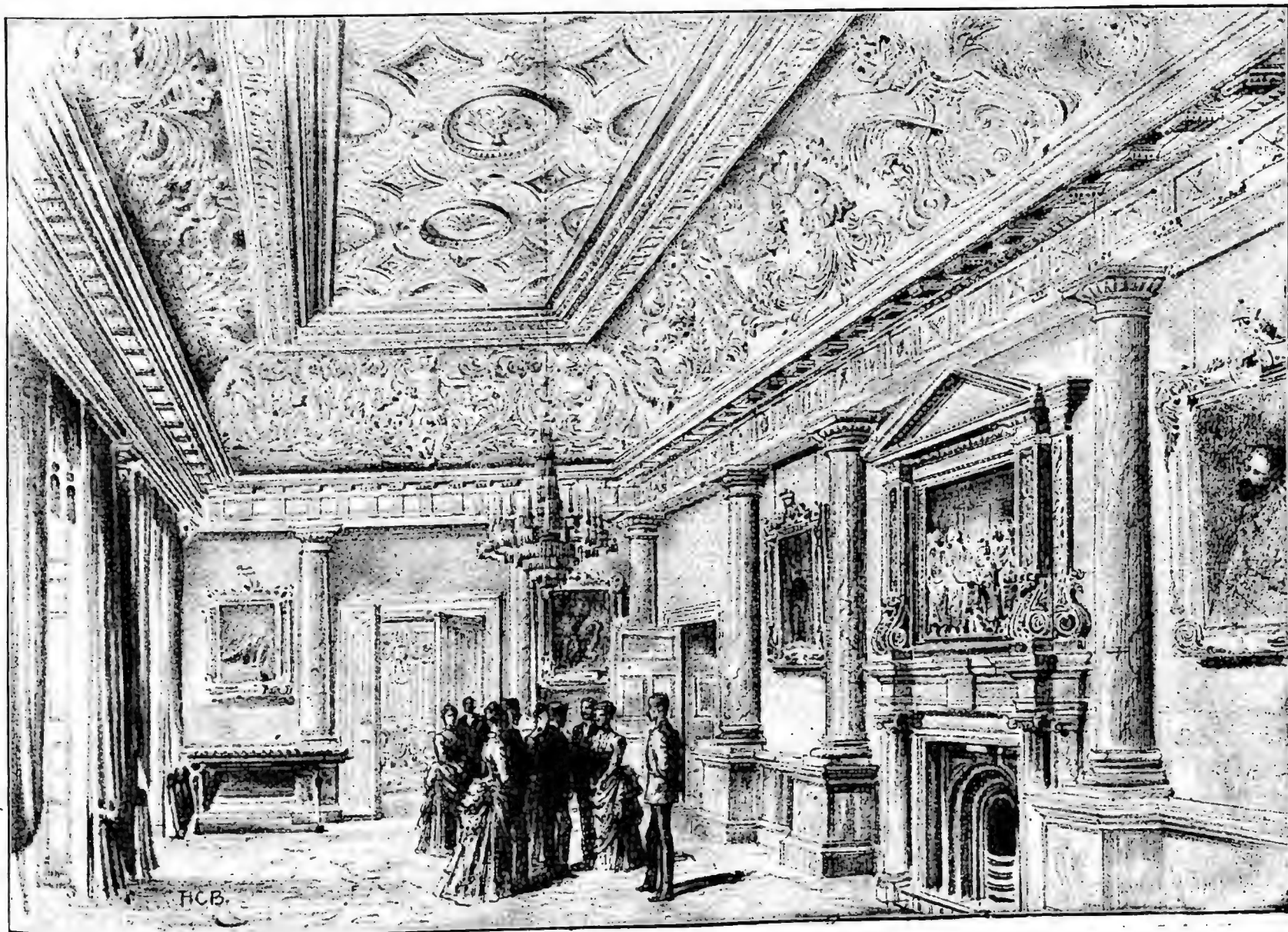
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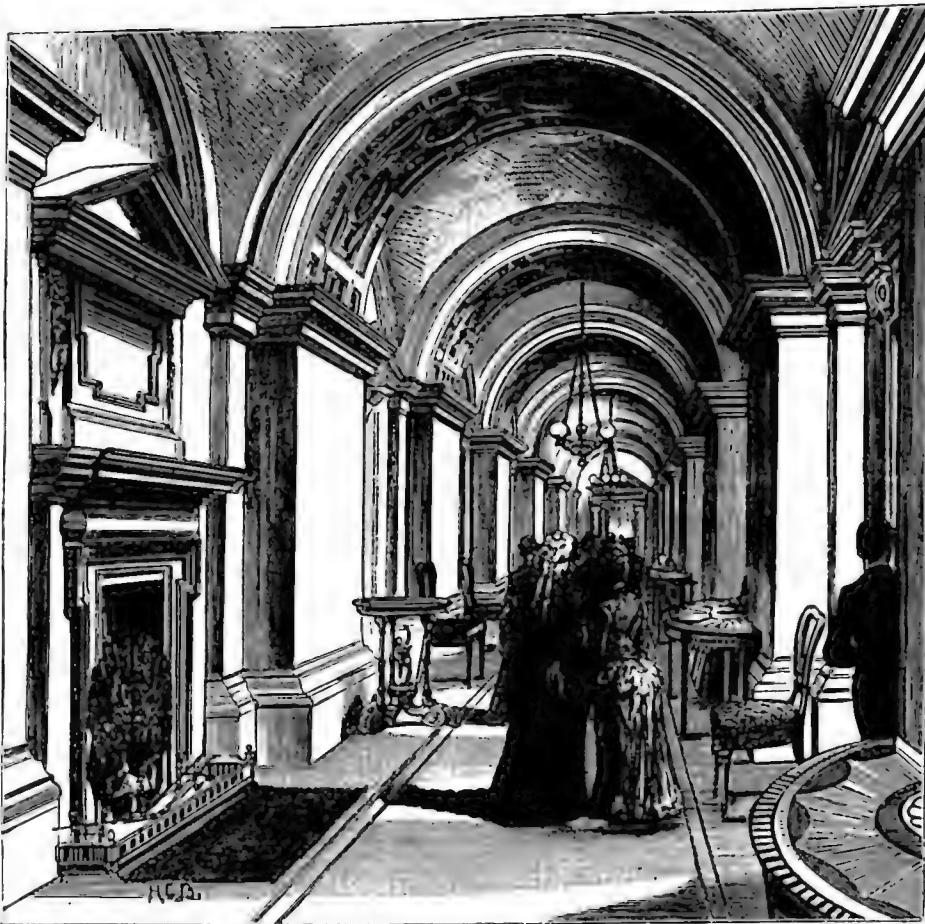


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Judging from a curious old map of Dublin, dated 1610, published in Warburton's "History of Dublin," it would appear that the Castle in its original condition consisted of a series of buildings and "curtain-walls" enclosing a large oblong space, which was subdivided into three parts by two sets of curtain-walls, defended by towers crossing it at right angles to the long sides of the enclosure; these divisions were by no means equal in size, the middle space being far narrower than the two outer ones, so that it may be said to have consisted of two large courts or baileys, with a narrow slip between them. There was also an irregular triangular-shaped court projecting to the north-east, partly enclosed by the city wall, entered by a gate called "Damesgate," at the end of the present Dame Street. Dame Street took its name, so says Carlisle, from the Abbey of "St. Mary les Dames," situated without the east gate of the city, and belonging to the nuns of the Order of St. Augustine, close to which formerly stood St. Andrew's Church. Towers are shown at the angles of the various courtyards, and gates defended by towers are indicated to the north, the east, and from the large courts leading into the narrow space between them. There were also two "sallyports" on the south side; the donjon, or keep, was between the two courts or



THE CORRIDOR

baileys. The arrangement is not very unlike Windsor, though of course Windsor is very much larger, and at Windsor the upper bailey is to the east and the lower to the west, whereas at Dublin the reverse arrangement obtained. The building stood upon a slight eminence, the platform of which sloped gradually—as it does at present—from west to east, and was surrounded by a moat which, Warburton says, was fed by a branch of the Dodder running into it, but, looking at the old plan which Warburton republishes in his first volume, there does not appear to be any indication of this "branch of the Dodder," but the moat runs into the Liffey at the point upon Wellington Quay marked in the maps of Dublin as "The Mouth of the Poddle." This moat was evidently a portion of the city ditch—in fact, from the position of the Castle in the extreme south-east angles of the town, it formed an integral portion of the city walls, and the moat which washed the southern and eastern sides of its enclosure was common to both Castle and city walls. Probably, also, Damesgate did joint service

in the same manner. Warburton appears to think that the portion of the moat between the Castle and the city was dry, and it is so indicated in the old map of 1610. It is, however, quite impossible to settle this point now. Dublin, like London, evidently possessed numerous streams and rivulets in the Middle Ages, which are now dried up or arched over. The Poddle was probably one of these. Then there was another, which ran to the west of Christ Church Cathedral, and, possibly, also the "branch of the Dodder," which, Warburton says, fed the Castle moat.

Of the old buildings of the Castle very little indeed now remains. The only portions visible are the large round tower at the west end of the Chapel, and the tower at the south-west angle, with, perhaps, the stump or lower portion of two towers in between them. These evidently formed with the curtain walls and buildings between them the southern side of the "Upper Bailey." Of these walls and buildings, however, there are no remains whatever, their site being occupied by the present State Apartments.

The tower immediately to the west of the Chapel is the only one now remaining which is of any interest. It originally formed the "Donjon" or keep of the Castle, and has walls of immense thickness—as much as twelve feet in the lower part. It is now used for the storing and keeping of records, and is called the "Record Tower." Formerly it bore the name of the "Wardrobe Tower," but is more frequently described as the "Birmingham Tower," after John Birmingham, Earl of Louth, who was Lord Justice in 1321; or Sir Walter Birmingham, who was Lord Justice in 1348; although there was formerly a tower attached to the Castle named after the

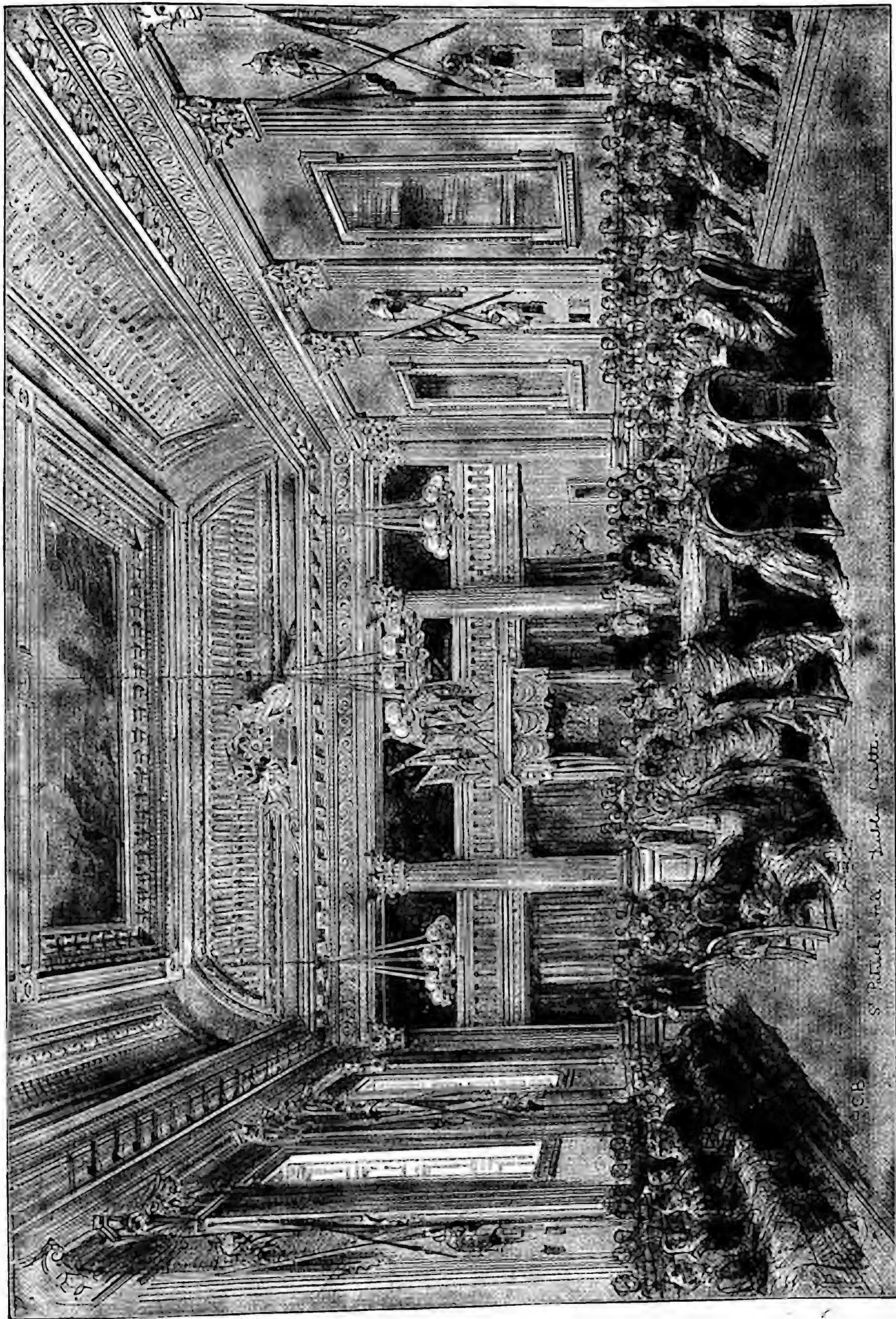
Birminghams, either because it had been built by one of them, or—what is more probable—from the fact that they were imprisoned within its dungeons. The father left it for the scaffold, and was executed in the year 1331, "for evil practices against the Government of the King." The son was, however, pardoned, and was made Lord Justice in 1346, and again in 1348.

Whatever may have been the history of the Birmingham Tower, one thing is certain, and that is, that it cannot possibly have been the great round tower attached to the west end of the Chapel which at present goes by that name. Warburton expressly states that the old Birmingham Tower was pulled down in 1775, and was rebuilt in a lighter style, and covered with plaster. The reason for this rebuilding is given. The tower had been split right down, from top to bottom, by an explosion of gunpowder which happened in one of the magazines near to it a few years before, and it was found impossible to repair it.

Warburton also says that the Birmingham Tower was near



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AN INVESTITURE OF THE ORDER OF ST. PATRICK IN ST. PATRICK'S HALL

DUBLIN CASTLE ILLUSTRATED—I.

the postern gate which led into Cow Street; so that it must have been at the south-western angle of the Castle enclosure, and in all probability the round tower which still remains in that position is the Birmingham Tower as rebuilt in 1775. Warburton speaks of the "Wardrobe Tower, through which the Chapel is entered from the west;" and, although the Chapel has been entirely rebuilt since Warburton's time, yet we know that it occupies the site of the former one, and it was quite impossible that access could have been gained to the Chapel through any other tower than the great round one still existing, so that there can be no doubt about the matter.

The confusion with regard to the name probably arises from the fact that the records, which were formerly placed in the Birmingham Tower, and called "the Birmingham Tower Records," were at some recent period removed to the Wardrobe Tower. In Warburton's time they were still in the Birmingham Tower, because, in the title-page of his "History of Dublin," he is described as "Keeper of the Records in the Birmingham Tower;" but its proper title is either its ancient one of the "Ward" or "Wardrobe Tower," or its more modern appellation of the "Record Tower," from the uses to which it is now assigned. There were several other towers in existence in the middle of the last century, but they were all pulled down.

With regard to the history of the building little seems to be known for certain. The general opinion now is, that it was commenced by Miles Fitz-Henry in 1205, who received an injunction from King John to erect a tower on the site of what was then a hill covered by a hazel wood. This tower was added to and surrounded by walls, ramparts, &c., by

for purposes of offence and defence than as a residence; in fact, King John, who seems to have conceived the first idea of erecting a castle at Dublin, expressed his views upon the matter when he commanded that it was to be "raised in a competent place," as well to curb the city as to defend it. That this was by no means unnecessary is proved by the fact that in 1209, while the citizens were enjoying themselves in "Cullen's Wood" on Easter Monday, as was their custom to do, they were attacked unawares by a number of the "wild Irish," and slaughtered to the number of 500.

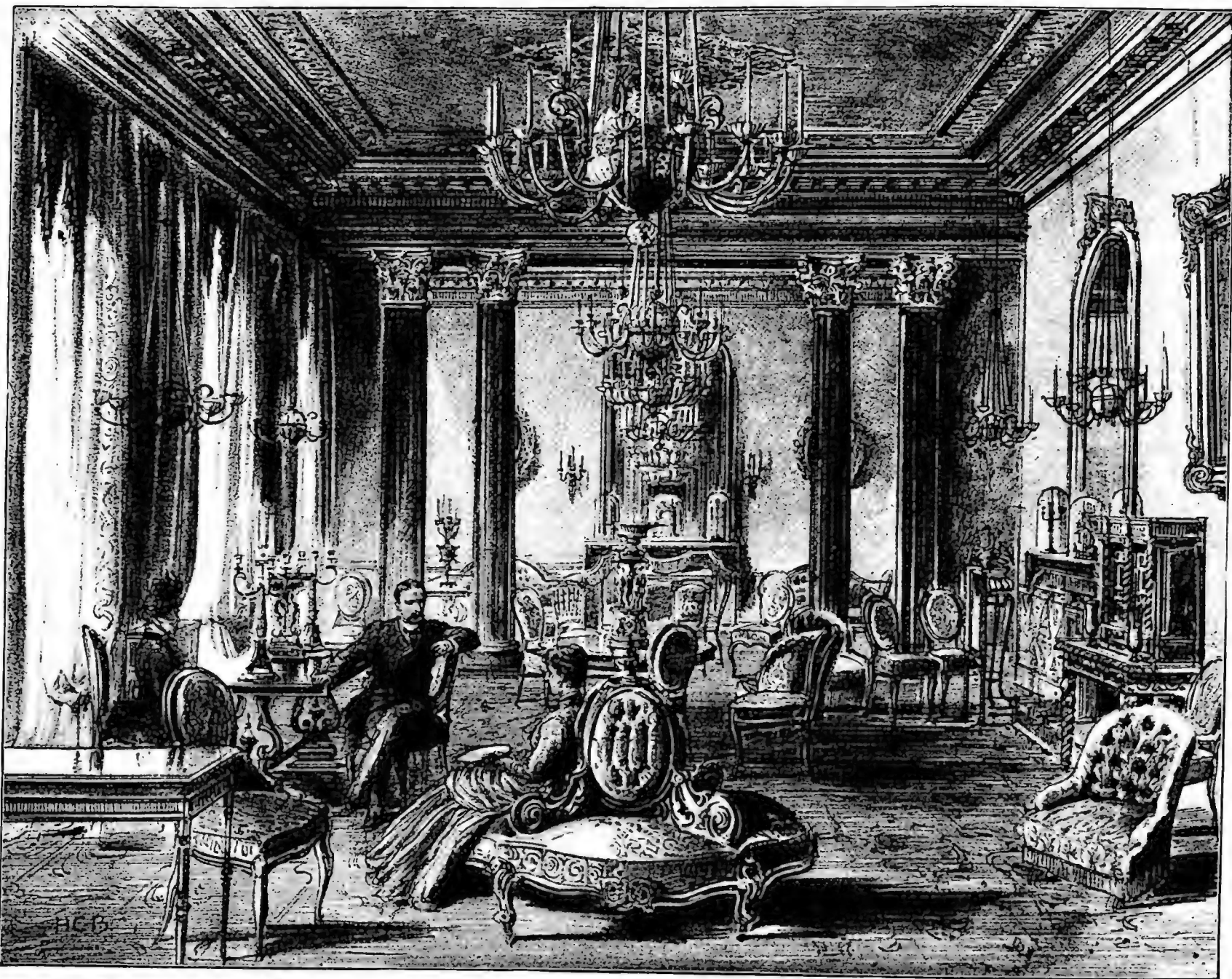
The Irish Parliaments, like those of England, in early times do not appear to have had any fixed place of meeting, and, just as in England they sometimes met in the Chapter House at Westminster, sometimes at the Blackfriars, and at other times in the King's Palace, so in Dublin they would appear to have assembled sometimes in the Castle, and at others in St. Mary's Abbey, which stood upon the site of the present building of the "Four Courts."

Dublin Castle also served as a State prison, and courts of law were in early times held within its walls. That it does not seem to have been connected with the history of the Irish people is not remarkable. The fact is, it was essentially the centre of what was called the "English Pale," a colony composed chiefly of Englishmen and the descendants of Danes, governed by English laws and customs, which was established by Henry II., and has from the first been one of the great causes of Irish discontent.

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their injudicious advisers. The English settler rapidly adopted Irish habits. The English farmer, moved by his interest, and the difficulty of providing English servants, was happily tempted to employ Irish labourers. English gentlemen were continually forming friendships and intermarriages with Irish chiefs and their families. English Deputies, aware of the misery of the times, alive to the impolicy and weary of the endless labour of rousing Irish blood into rebellion by undue strictness and severity, were continually relapsing into milder habits, and more congenial treatment of the native Irish. . . . The English Government (of the Tudors) . . . passed Acts from time to time, disabling Irish chiefs, forbidding Irish labour, denouncing the least approach to Irish manners and customs, and levelling the whole force of indignation and disgrace against the very name of Irish. The protection of the English law reached not beyond the narrow limits of the 'English Pale.' . . . On the lower orders of the English retainers the consequence was perilous. They learned to regard the Irish as fit subjects for plunder, to commit all sorts of atrocities under the degraded name of patriotism, to fill the whole country with discontent, immorality, and disorder that no government, however wise, considerate, or judicious, could hope to overcome; whilst, on the part of the native Irish, the feeling that they were beyond the pale and protection of English law tended to increase their lawlessness and violence. Hunted down like wild beasts, they turned like wild beasts upon their pursuers. As the Englishman learned to associate with the name of Irish all that was vile, savage, and degrading, the Irishman was naturally taught to connect all forms of oppression, cruelty, and wrong with the name of Englishman; to hate what his conqueror loved, and to love



DRAWING-ROOM IN THE VICEREGAL LODGE

Henry de Landres, Archbishop of Dublin, about 1220 and after. There was, as we have previously stated, a tower called the Birmingham Tower, which appears to have been a very lofty and solid edifice, used at first as a State prison, and after the year 1579 as the depository of the Public Rolls and Records. These were formerly kept in St. Mary's Abbey, and, according to "Carlisle's Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," the Chancery Rolls were destroyed by a great fire which entirely burnt down the Church and Monastery in the year 1304. There were also two lofty circular towers defending the North gate, which were in existence in 1766. There was also on the north side a tower called the Cork Tower, which received its name from the fact that it had been rebuilt in 1629 by Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork. This tower would appear to have stood at the end of the curtain wall which formed the eastern termination of the upper court, in a line with the Wardrobe Tower; it was, however, removed with the North gateway Towers, at which time the Castle may be said to have been converted into a modern residence, as by the destruction of the gateways, drawbridge, posterns, curtain-walls, and all other features peculiar to a mediæval fortress, its character became entirely changed, and its original aspect lost, until, by degrees, it assumed the appearance which it now presents.

The actual history of Dublin Castle is, as we have said, devoid of startling incidents, and this may be accounted for by several facts. In the first place, when the Castle was erected by Miles Fitz-Henry it was evidently built rather

and injudicious exclusion of the native Irish from a share in what they by the laws of nature had a right at least to participate in, are bearing their baneful fruit even down to our own day. The acts of the Tudor Sovereigns and their prejudiced and inhumane advisers, both in England and Ireland, rendered matters still more intolerable to the Irish people, and prolonged, under more grievous oppression, a system which would otherwise have died out.

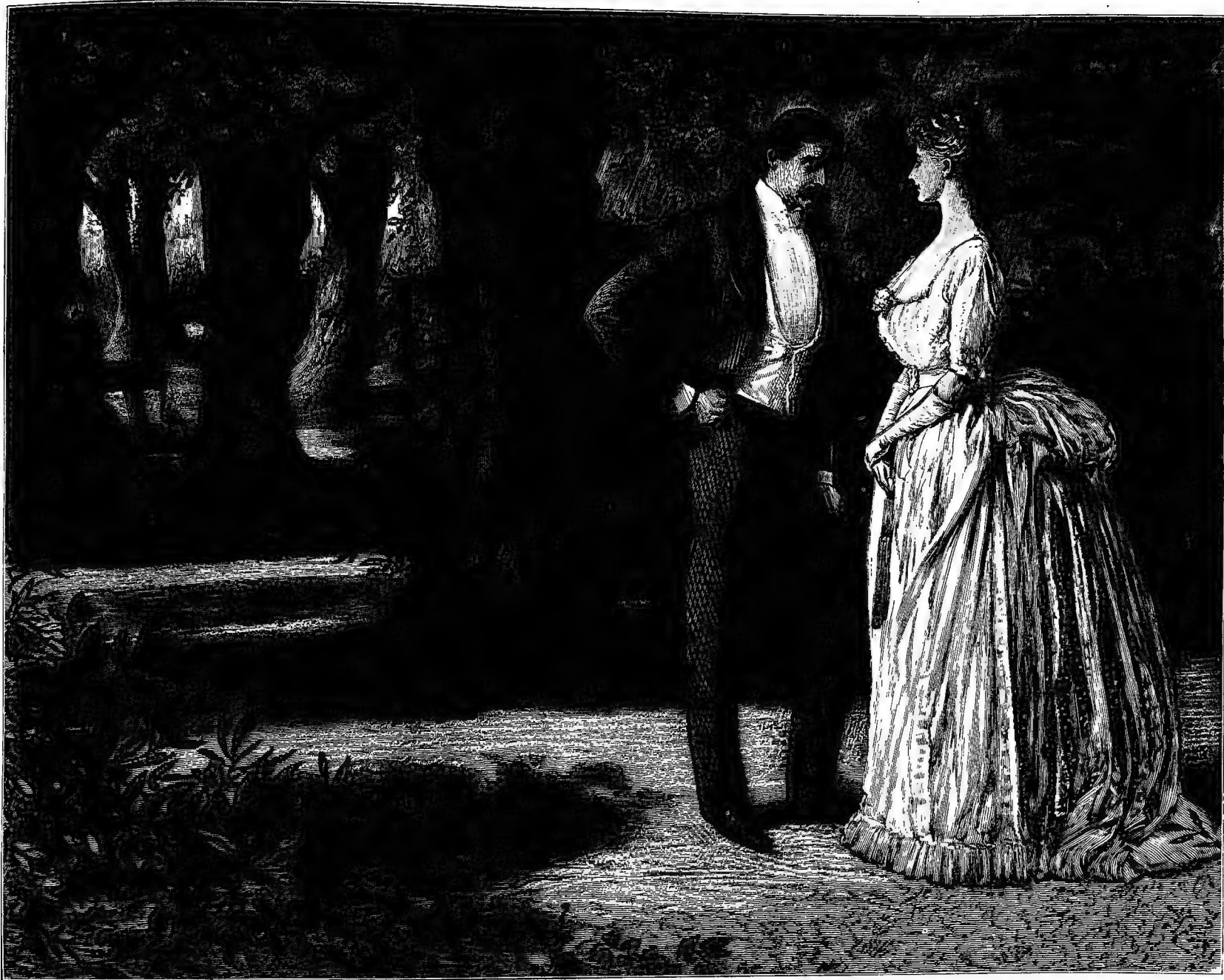
We shall see from the "Carew Papers," recently published under the auspices of the Master of the Rolls, that before the Tudor times the English settlers were taking the very best means to remedy the evil by intermarriage with the native Irish, and by employing Irish servants and labourers, and there can be little doubt that, had matters been simply left alone, the "English Pale" would have become amalgamated and dissolved, and thus many of the troubles of future times might have been avoided. In the introduction to the "Carew Papers," written by one who was a staunch Conservative and a "Unionist" to the backbone,* we find the following startling picture of the evils resulting from the "English Pale," and the acts of the Tudor Sovereigns to keep that iniquitous institution on its already tottering legs. "We may clearly see what the 'English Pale' was, how by the Tudor times it was rapidly dying of natural death, and how it was revived in a more intolerable form and spirit by the Tudor Sovereigns and

what he hated. . . . The English Deputies and their Council, mainly interested in the narrow and immediate safety of prosperity of the 'English Pale,' could not be expected to raise their eyes beyond their own exclusive province, or entertain broad and comprehensive views for the amelioration and improvement of Irish outcasts. . . . These English Governors had but one security, but one precaution, the power of the sword."

Now we see from this how thoroughly the "English Pale" was cut off from the rest of Ireland, and naturally the Castle, being the centre of the English Pale, and erected for its maintenance, would be quite separated from Irish influences, and would reflect little of Irish history except as regards its prisons and dungeons. These were probably the only portions of the building with which the native Irish were acquainted, and were certainly the only portions erected for their accommodation. Whether or no the dungeons in Dublin Castle could have presented us with evidences of their former inmates, as do those in the Tower of London, it is impossible now to determine, because they no longer exist, and if they did it is most probable that we should discover no such evidence, because, we learn from the same work which we have just been quoting, that even "In the Tudor times . . . Irish chiefs had not yet advanced to the elementary proficiency of signing their names." And in fact, the only particular event connected with the history of the Castle were the sieges which it withstood during the frequent rebellions.

(To be continued)

* The late Rev. J. S. Brewer, Chaplain to the Master of the Rolls.



DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

"If I do marry you, it will be in Mirbridge Church, and with the full consent of your mother"

THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AS OTHERS SEE US

ALTHOUGH the quarter-of-an-hour before dinner is the most trying time to people in general, who pass it in feeble attempts at conversation, and secret anathemas at their fellow creatures who are keeping them waiting for their food, the quarter-of-an-hour after dinner is for some folks a still worse ordeal. The ladies who have pushed themselves into society superior to their own—or worse, have been helped into it by its males, despite the efforts of its females—regard that terrible period with well-grounded fear. Deprived of their natural protectors—the men—they are thrown among their own sex, like victims into the arena, to suffer from among their own sex, like victims into the arena, to suffer from tooth and claw till tardy help comes to them. They think themselves happy if, through generosity or contempt, their adversaries permit them to retire into some curtained corner and pretend to be immersed in a photograph-book or other drawing-room literature. No such retreat, as Lady Trevor was well aware, would have been afforded to her at Catesby Hall if she had been known there for what she really was. She pictured to herself as she sailed into its great drawing-room, the first of the glittering array of dames, what a different fate would have been hers had Sir Richard, as some men would have done, "made a clean breast of it," and introduced her to the county in her proper person. If it had not been for Hugh—but what an "if" was that!—it was probable he would have done so. Secrecy was hateful to him, from the worry it involved, and concealment of all kinds foreign to his character. He was the last man in the world for the carrying out of plots and strategies, and, moreover, so far as himself was concerned, he cared nothing at all for the opinion of the world. He never had had much regard for what is called Society, which had always bored him, and he had now become as indifferent to it as a saint. He had arrived, though by a short cut, at that period of existence when life is emptied of its social joys—when the city is strewn with the ashes of extinct pleasures, and the country is haunted by the pale memories of the dead—and it was only for his wife's sake, as she was well aware, that he gave himself the trouble to dissemble. She could trust to him implicitly, she knew, yet it seemed strange that the whole conditions of her being should depend upon one man's silence. That he had sometimes thought of speaking out was certain—he had hinted at it, indeed, quite lately, in their conversation in the garden at home; but, fortunately for all of us, there is an immense gulf between thought and action. (I say "all of us," but I suppose there are degrees and differences even in our thoughts: a Bishop, for example, has a little more control over his audacious speculations, and does not roll the sweet morsel of voluptuous

recollection under his tongue, as laymen do.) Sir Richard, she felt, would never betray her designedly; but if he did so by accident, or if she herself by some imprudence should reveal the truth, how frightful would be the catastrophe! While she thought of these things, with a smiling face and careless brow, her hostess came up with extended hand.

"My dear Lady Trevor," she exclaimed effusively, "I cannot tell you how pleased I am to see you here in your proper place amongst us; I was so sorry you were from home when I called; do let us have two minutes' talk together before the gentlemen come in and tear you away from me." This little hit at her new friend's popularity with the male sex she could not forego, but her manner was genuinely hospitable, and, motioning her guest to a conversation chair, the two ladies took their seats in it, each looking into the other's eyes.

"It seems only yesterday," continued the hostess, "that the late Lady Trevor and I had a confidential talk together in this very room—with only one other person present."

"Indeed; and who was she?" The question was superfluous, as the "person" had happened to be the speaker herself, and the moment she had uttered it she repented of having done so: that "surplusage is no error" may be true in commerce, but is certainly not so in conversation.

"You take it for granted, I see, that it was a lady; and yet you are not quite right," said Lady Joddrell with an acid smile.

"Lady Trevor had her 'companion' with her—Letitia Beeton."

"I have heard of her," observed Lady Trevor drily.

"I took that for granted, otherwise I should not have ventured to speak of her. In doing so, indeed, even as it is, perhaps I arrogate to myself too much; but as an old friend of the family—"

"No apology is necessary," put in Lady Trevor sweetly: "I am sure your allusion must be dictated by kindness, or it would be unintelligible."

"I hope so; yet my motive I must admit is partly a selfish one. I wish to show you on what intimate terms of friendship I was with your predecessor—"

"You mean the late Lady Trevor?" interrupted her companion quickly.

"Yes, of course. Good Heavens, who else could I mean? And then, as regards that other person, I wish to remove from your mind certain impressions of her which it may have received from people well meaning perhaps, but misled as to her real character. You must not suppose that Sir Richard was so very much to blame."

"I do not suppose so," was the grave response. The speaker's face was as calm as marble, yet her tone was full of feeling as well

as conviction. Her eyes never left the other's face for a single instant; whereas those of Lady Joddrell drooped beneath their earnest gaze, and sought the fringe of her gown. She had expected to play the part of Mentor, and, notwithstanding her statement to the contrary, to an ignorant Telemachus.

"Now that gives me the most sincere pleasure," she continued. Her words, however, lacked the ring of enjoyment, and were uttered with less of deliberation than the want of something to say; the wind, in fact, had been taken out of her sails. "What I feared was that at Mirbridge, where the girl had many friends—for she was a miracle of cunning and duplicity—you might have heard things to her advantage. Sir Richard's mother, poor thing, was utterly mistaken in her from the first."

"I have every reason to believe it."

"Then that makes what I thought it my duty to say quite easy, though not perhaps superfluous. There is a faction, I know, who have always persuaded themselves that the girl was a victim—a simple, innocent creature, redolent of catchism and bread and butter; and of course, if you had taken that view of the case, the truth would have given you pain. It was Sir Richard, my dear friend, who was the victim. I don't mean to say, indeed, that he had ever any intention of marrying her; but it was not her fault that he did not do so. As I told poor dear Lady Trevor in this very room—with the girl sitting yonder, only just out of earshot—'In my opinion, you are doing a very dangerous thing in taking that young person out of her proper sphere and throwing your son in the way of temptation; for, for one of her class, she was undeniably attractive, and had a certain innocence of manner—though, of course, it was only manner—calculated to deceive almost any one. It never hoodwinked me, however, for one instant. I am a believer in race, and the sort of family she came from would have been enough to put me on my guard against her. I am afraid some of them are living in your neighbourhood still, but that can't be helped. In old times they would all have been rooted out; but in these days of democratic licence nothing can be done in that way, I fear. Most fortunately, indeed, as we know, the unhappy girl died, and her offspring with her; otherwise there is no knowing what would have happened, for poor Lady Trevor was so Quixotic in her views, and Sir Marmaduke—though in quite another way—so very queer, that it is impossible to say what they might not have done from a mistaken notion of reparation. Only conceive the position in which it would have placed us all if Sir Richard had married the girl!'"

"It would have been very embarrassing, no doubt."

"Embarrassing! Embarrassing is no word for it! Such old friends as the Trevors and ourselves have always been; and the

impossibility of continuing our mutual relations! Imagine, too, if the child had grown up! With Royalty and among very great families indeed, the thing, to be sure, is somehow found practicable: but among the ordinary aristocracy—if I may venture so to speak of you people at The Court—the existence of a nobody among somebodies could not have been tolerated. However, all's well that ends well. I should not, as I have said, have alluded to this painful subject but for the idea that I might have been useful to you in dispelling an illusion, but I am thankful to find it is not necessary to do so. You have discovered for yourself, it seems, what sort of person this girl really was."

"I think so—yes."

"And you are not annoyed with me for my plain speaking?"

"Not at all."

"That is nice of you. Some people would have been—Good gracious! what is that dreadful woman going to do? Mrs. Westrop, you are surely not going out of doors?"

"Why not?" responded that lady coolly, stepping through the open window and beckoning to Miss Mumchance to follow her. "There's a delicious smell of tobacco outside, and I am anxious to know where it comes from."

"Tobacco!" exclaimed Lady Joddrell. She could not have looked more shocked if she had been told the house was on fire. "It must be the coachmen in the stables—no one can be so mad as to go out on the damp grass."

But the natural desire to exchange the atmosphere of the drawing-room for that of the summer night had been awakened in many a fair bosom by the audacious widow's example, and one by one the ladies stepped out of the nearest window and joined the two deserters. It was like a stampede—though among highly-trained and pampered steeds indeed—in an Australian cattle-yard. Notwithstanding the feverish clutch with which Society hugs its gilded chains, its slavery is really hateful, except to the very dulllest. How hateful it is may be gathered from the eagerness with which anything in the way of naturalness—if it be but a Buffalo Bill—is welcomed. If fine folk had only a little more courage they would find life much more pleasant; but the few of them who have pluck are too often utterly reckless, and frighten the rest by their wild ways.

To Lady Trevor herself, stifled by the terrible restraint she had been under during the last ten minutes, the prospect of freedom and fresh air was like a glimpse of Heaven. She stole out alone, and crossed the terrace on to the lawn which lay beyond the reach of the lights from the house, so swiftly and so suddenly that if any one saw her none followed. The coolness above and beneath was unspeakably refreshing to her; the silence of the stars, contrasted with the drawing-room murmur she had just escaped, had a sense of sublimity for her she had not experienced for years.

"Great Heaven! is it worth while?" was the vague thought that flashed upon her mind, as she stood for an instant with her hand upon her bosom and her eyes fixed on the sky—a question that tens of thousands may well put to themselves. On the other hand, these moments of sublime enfranchisement are rare. The chord thus attuned to the celestial harmonies is too delicate for everyday use: it is only a very few of us who can live up to the music of the spheres. Strange to say, it is generally the most selfish—your monks and nuns—who accomplish it with least difficulty, and Lady Trevor was far from selfish. Even as that glimpse of freedom flashed upon her, she caught a sight of a tall figure upon the terrace, with his back to the wall, smoking a cigar, who dispelled her dream for her.

"There is Hugh," she sighed—not in recognition of him, but of the necessity which compelled her to play out her poor part in the life-drama for which she had engaged herself.

She sat down on one of the garden-seats that were placed about the tennis-ground, and, while the nightingale sang overhead, and all the air was scented with the cool perfumes of the night, watched his moody and isolated figure.

Presently she saw him move swiftly through the throng and join a girl who was standing apart from the others; she was in white, as many were, but even at that distance her shapely and imperial form towered unmistakably above the rest. It was Clara Thorne; and the two, after a few moments' talk, came slowly towards the tennis-ground. The hue of Lady Trevor's attire was dark, and, even had they suspected her presence, she would not have been visible to them. She had no natural taste for eaves-dropping, but the idea of any wrongdoing in this being a secret witness to the meeting of the two young people never crossed her mind. There was no room in it, indeed, for any feeling save indignation against them, chiefly, of course, against the girl. It seemed to her that Clara had purposely separated herself from the rest that he might select her for his companion in the sight of the whole company, and that he had given way to the temptation. There was a reason, though locked within her own bosom, why she, of all women, had no right to blame him; there was a reason, too, why she should have regarded Clara's supposed conduct with more charity and tenderness, but this latter did not weigh with her. She only saw in the girl an obstacle to her wishes, and to the well-being of the son for whom she had sacrificed herself and her peace of mind.

Nearer and nearer they came, till stopped by the tennis-net, when they turned and faced one another, within a few feet of her as she sat in the shadow. Hugh had discarded his cigar—a tribute, as she well understood, not to politeness, but to passion—and was regarding his companion with a look of tenderness that all the maternal solicitude and devotion of a lifetime, as she bitterly reflected, had failed to evoke. "My son is my son till he gets him a wife" is a reflection that has pained many a mother's heart; but this woman, it was plain, had robbed her of her son before she had any right to call him her own. If Clara Thorne was conscious of this, however, she exhibited no sign of triumph, but returned the young man's amorous glances with her usual look of stately calm.

"You will drive me to do something reckless," he said, in a tone of voice which contrasted curiously with his admiring gaze, "if you are so cold and indifferent."

"I am not indifferent, Hugh," she answered, quietly, "though, fortunately, I am not so imprudent as yourself. What is it you want with me which can be worth the risk you run in bringing me here?"

"I want a kiss," he murmured passionately.

"A kiss!" she answered, with contemptuous scorn; "upon my life, sir, you abuse a man's privilege of being selfish. Is it possible that you can have been so mad?"

"Mad? Yes, I am mad for love of you—a thing any girl ought to be proud of. What do I care what all these people may think of me?"

"For an instant—if it be within your power, sir—" she answered, in harsh, metallic tones, "put yourself out of the question and think of me. It is possible that you may find some young lady yonder who, to give you a moment's pleasure, is ready to sacrifice her whole future for you, but be assured that I am not of that class. You have brought me here, and hazarded what is dearest and most valuable to me, upon false pretences, sir. How *dared* you do it?"

Her large eyes flashed fire as she spoke; her smooth white hands were clenched; her satined foot came down on the dry turf with an audible thud.

"It is splendid acting," thought the invisible spectator of this little scene, "but she is overdoing it. Hugh will never stand that. She was speaking, however, only from her own experience—as a mother."

"I really did want to say something to you," he stammered humbly—"only—damme, you're such a termagant—you have driven it out of my head."

"It must have been very important; perhaps you wanted me to run away with you?" she inquired, simply.

"Now, upon my life and honour, my darling, that was the very thing it was," he responded earnestly.

She laughed a soft, contemptuous laugh, as musical in its way as the "jug-jug" of the nightingale above them, whom their voices, as usual, had roused to emulation.

"No, it wasn't," she answered quietly, "though it is likely enough some such mad idea has at one time or another crossed your mind. Be so good as to dismiss it for ever. If I do marry you, it will be in Mirbridge Church, and with the full consent of your mother. —Hush, what's that?"

"A rabbit in the flower-bed." Lady Trevor had clasped her hands mechanically in heartfelt thankfulness. "It will be difficult, but the Mater will do anything for me."

"Then in the mean time do not make it impossible. Go back, sir, at once, and make yourself agreeable to Viola; you have neglected her shamefully all the evening."

"Or what do you say to Miss Mumchance?" he inquired, half menacingly.

"That would be too transparent: moreover, your brother has already bespoken her."

"My brother! What chance would he have against me?" The speaker's vanity and dislike were both aroused.

"Every chance. Miss Mumchance can choose where she likes." There was an unconscious bitterness in her tone that did not escape him, notwithstanding his self-centred thoughts.

"Then if I were not the elder son, perhaps you would choose my brother," he put in savagely.

She shrugged her white shoulders ever so little. "Charlie is not much in my line," she said composedly; "it seems to me you are easily made jealous."

"And you?" He looked at her in his grim fashion, which was the hardest for her to bear in all his *répertoire* of ugly looks. For an instant she lost her colour—but not through fear—murmured "Coward!" under her breath, then answered, smiling, "Try me with Viola. Go back at once, not my way but another."

He growled like some wild beast in a menagerie, who nevertheless obeys the whip, and takes the hoop, and turned to do her bidding.

"Since you are so obedient, you may have One, sir."

He would have clasped her to his breast, but her strong white arm, like a bar of steel, forbade it. Her smooth round cheek had not a trace of colour in it, nor her eye a gleam of lovelight as he took his guerdon; such evidences of emotion, she well knew, would have been thrown away upon him, and she did not trouble herself to simulate them. Perhaps her hold upon him was all the stronger on that account.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. WESTROP'S VIEW.

NOT a look, not a word that had passed between the young people during their stolen interview had been lost upon Lady Trevor; and after it was over she sat awhile in her leafy solitude, notwithstanding the speculations her absence from the company might create, to ponder over it. The confession of her son's love for Clara Thorne had not surprised her; she had known it—though she had not suspected the passionate intensity of it, of which she had not indeed even thought him capable—for weeks; nor did it much astonish her that it was not returned. Scanty as had been her opportunities for observation, she had made up her mind that Clara's affection for Hugh was feigned. But that only made her determination to be his wife the more formidable. She understood for the first time the resolute character of the girl with whom she had to deal; one neither to be frightened nor cajoled, and armed at all points by Nature herself for the contest in which she was engaged.

For a moment, with the recollection of that incarnation of Force and Beauty before her eyes, Lady Trevor shrank from a struggle which, from her own experience of mankind, she felt could have but one end.

Suppose Hugh married her! There would be no fear of her not sustaining his position in the county; she would hold her own—and something more—against all comers. But would she be content with such a sovereignty? To such a woman's ambition there would probably be no bounds; and from her keen eyes would it be possible to conceal the secret which, once possessed by her, would place her mother-in-law at her feet? What an end to all her own scheming and planning would it be to find herself the slave of Clara Thorne! Notwithstanding the sense of her past shame, which was far stronger than that of her present wrong-doing, Lady Trevor had a pride of her own, though of a different kind, that could have matched with that of the Chief Baroness herself. No, whatever necessity might arise for self-abasement her neck should never be bowed to such a yoke as that. Defeat she might suffer, but not submission; and why even defeat?

"If I do marry you it will be at Mirbridge Church," the girl had said; "and with your mother's full consent." That this was no empty vaunt she felt, and she took some comfort from it. Hugh had given it no reply, imagining, doubtless, that his doting mother would refuse him nothing; but he would find her stubborn at least on one point.

It was significant of the keenness of Clara's observation that she had not even alluded to Sir Richard, who, in truth, would care nothing as to whom his elder son might take to wife; though he, too, would probably object to a daughter-in-law found close to his door, and likely to remain there. There was another crumb of comfort which would have escaped a less vigilant eye: Lady Trevor had noticed Clara's change of colour when Hugh had charged her with being of a jealous disposition; and—strange unction, indeed, for a mother to lay to her anxious breast—the thought that Hugh would be likely to give any girl cause for jealousy was consolatory to her.

Behind that calm and stately mask there lay, perhaps, passions that might work for good—that is, for Hugh's good. As for any remonstrance with Hugh himself, she felt she might as well have appealed to the east wind: if he was to be saved from the spell that had been cast upon him, it must be by the enchantress herself. Bitter indeed was the reflection that all her own care and devotion to him would count for nothing in the coming struggle, and that his fate lay in the soft white palm of an unloving girl. This is a reflection, indeed, that must more or less occur to all mothers. But Lady Trevor had not only her son to watch over, but her secret.

When she returned to the house, she had the advantage of one coming from darkness into light, and joined the company as far from the spot where her hostess was stationed as possible. Lady Joddrell still sat at one of the windows of her drawing-room, surrounded by a faithful few, in silent protest against the defection of her truant guests, so that she at least could not have missed her from the terrace. She mixed with the nearest group without exciting any comment, and began to flatter herself that her absence had been unobserved; but in this she was mistaken.

"My dear Lady Trevor, where have you been?" broke in Mrs. Westrop's sharp voice in the midst of her self-congratulations. "What have you been doing out in the Chief Baroness's preserves

yonder?" And she pointed in the direction of the tennis-ground. "Not poaching, I do hope; though, indeed, you look quite young enough."

"Poaching! What do you mean?" answered Lady Trevor stiffly. She really did not know what Mrs. Westrop meant; but any allusion to the misdemeanour in question was naturally distasteful to her; it was like talking of ropes to the belongings of one who was hanged.

"Come, come, you must learn to take my little jokes in good part. I was alluding to the way in which some of our young gentlemen are taking advantage of their unexpected enfranchisement. It is quite surprising how many of our finest birds—I mean our prettiest girls—are missing. Your son, for example—whom I particularly wanted to get hold of for his own good—"

"You are very kind. Hugh is yonder, and quite alone."

"Yes; but he hasn't been long alone," was the dry rejoinder. "However, it is not your elder, but your younger son that I am in search of. What a *very* nice young fellow he is; and so handsome—a sight to make an old man young," as the poets say, but much more an old woman. Dear me, I wish I was twenty again for his sake."

"I am sure I should have no objection," said Lady Trevor laughing.

"No, I'm sure you wouldn't, for then I was an heiress," laughed Mrs. Westrop, not very merrily, yet without bitterness too, for she was a philosopher in her way. "Let me tell you something in confidence." Here she drew Lady Trevor apart from the party on the Terrace, as it was now easy to do. "Well, there's another heiress for him, if he only chooses to play his cards properly."

"This is news indeed," answered the other, in an indifferent tone.

"I am perfectly serious; and I should like to do your boy, who has won my old heart, a good turn. I keep my word, and am not one to turn my back upon my friends, I assure you."

"Nor upon your enemies either, as I have heard," said Lady Trevor, smiling.

"Well, that is true too. By the bye, I saw Lady Joddrell in close confab with you a while ago, and can guess, I think, by her starved look what she was talking to you about. She has only one expression that tells what is going on in her mind, and that's a bad one; otherwise she is a doll stuffed with sawdust. She was telling you the story of Letty Beeton, was she not?"

In spite of her self-command Lady Trevor started with surprise, then gravely inclined her head. The keenness of her companion's observation not only astonished, but alarmed her. Her part with Lady Joddrell had been difficult enough to play; but to talk about herself with this woman without discovery would, she foresaw, require all her wits.

"Of course, it is not a pleasant subject," continued Mrs. Westrop, taking note of the other's gravity, "but there are two ways of looking at it, and I'll answer for it, it is the worse side that has been presented to you. I take it for granted that at this time of day you are not so foolish as to cherish animosity against a young girl, who died a quarter of a century ago, because your husband once fell in love with her."

"Certainly not."

"Of course not. None but a soured woman, who ought by rights to have been an old maid, would do so. The fact is the whole affair, or at least most of it, did your husband a great deal of credit."

"Lady Joddrell certainly did not put it in that way," said Lady Trevor, quietly; "but she laid most of the blame on—on—," she hesitated; to mention her own name was difficult to her.

"On the young person," put in Mrs. Westrop, quickly. "I have no doubt that is what she called her in discussing her delinquencies. Well, that is not true either, for as you and I are well aware, whatever lies it may suit the world to tell, it is the man who is in these cases most to blame. She was a very good girl, was Letty Beeton."

"I cannot think that," said Lady Trevor, with a sigh which she could not control.

"Well, well; I speak as girls go. From all I have ever heard about the matter, I should say that with the same chances she would have turned out better, upon the whole, than any girl that is here to-night. The poor thing never had a chance from the first except the one that was her ruin."

It was amazing to the last degree to Lady Trevor to hear herself thus championed, and of course it was not displeasing. Her heart warmed towards this strange old woman who from whatever cause was defending her memory from cruel aspersion; but on the other hand she did not lose sight of the character of the speaker. Mrs. Westrop was as worldly in her way, as she well knew, as Lady Joddrell in her's; and entertained less severe views of morality. "Why I defend Letty Beeton to you," continued Mrs. Westrop, "is because I wish you to understand that your husband did not disgrace himself by wanting to marry her—for mind you, he did want to marry her. She didn't fish for him, as Lady Joddrell has been telling you, but succumbed to his promises and protestations, which in their turn were made in all sincerity. I again say that so far—and leaving the unfortunate catastrophe out of the question—the transaction did him credit. For my part—and since the girl is dead, and all this happened before you knew him, I may say so without offence—I think it would have been an excellent thing if he had married her."

"You are not really serious, Mrs. Westrop?"

"Yes, I am. In the first place it would have been a slap in the face to the county, which is always half asleep, and wants waking up: and secondly, I believe she would have made him a good wife. She was beautiful, though I daresay not better-looking than *you* were at her age—and if not so highly cultivated, at all events better *educated* than any of these young women (her arm covered with bracelets here made a sweep, intended to comprehend the whole company): she had force of character (though she broke down so lamentably where she shouldn't), and that is just what Sir Richard wanted—I mean when he was a young man," she added, with ludicrous precipitancy—"It is my experience that most young men are weak, and *all* old men. In the latter case, however, only as regards the fair sex; poor Mrs. Mumchance (my heiress's mother) was indeed of a different opinion, but her husband's case was exceptional; he had no pleasures of his own (though he lived by supplying them to other people, and between ourselves was an arrant cheat) beyond his bottle. "My dear," she used to say, for I permitted her great familiarity for reasons of my own, "you may say what you like, *but of the two*, drunkenness in a husband is the worse vice, the other does come to an end sooner or later, but *that* lasts for ever." "Now, what do *you* say?"

"I am happy to say, Mrs. Westrop, that I am not in a position to give an opinion on either point," replied Lady Trevor gravely.

"Really? You astonish me. At the same time that corroborates my view about Letty Beeton. If Sir Richard had married her, my belief is he would have settled down, and they would have been the happiest pair in the county. They wouldn't have been visited, for one thing, an immense advantage in itself, but to him especially gratifying; I never saw a man look so bored by society as your husband."

"He is very far from well," said Lady Trevor softly.

"I am sorry for that. He doesn't *look* well, poor man. Smokes too much, I should say. So did my dear fellow, but then he did everything he shouldn't have done besides. Now if anything should happen to your husband—"

"For Heaven's sake, Mrs. Westrop, do not talk of such a thing," interrupted Lady Trevor, greatly agitated.

"*Really?* Well, now, that's beautiful—quite an idyll. 'Joan

Anderson, my Joe, John, and all the rest of it; it shows how just is my view, since you two are Darby and Joan, of what would have happened if he had married his first love. I'm glad I've talked to you about her; it will give you a still greater respect for Sir Richard. Now you must go to the Chief Baroness, who is looking very hard at us, and wondering how you can talk to an odious woman like me; and I must go and get back to my heiress, whom I have lent to your son."

(To be continued.)



THE "Annuaire de l'Enseignement Primaire" (Paris: Armand Colin), which has reached its fourth number, aims at "photographing primary instruction from year to year." This is not a difficult matter for France, where long ago the then Minister of Education boasted that every child was doing precisely the same work at the same moment (Paris time); but the "Annuaire" treats also of foreign schools and schoolmasters—this year of the Dûches of Mecklenburg (till lately quite feudal in their arrangements), Oldenburg, and the Hanse Towns; it gives an account of the congress of teachers held at Arras last May, and of that which met at Paris last September. Of course it contains a list of teachers, medallists, &c., and the text of the amended "Code" of 1887. But there are besides a number of papers of general interest—on the educational value of music, on literary instruction in primary schools (than which, says M. Dietz, nothing is more valuable in developing a child's intellect), on recitation ("piece-telling," as it is often called in our Nonconformist Sunday Schools), above all, on overwork (*surmenage*). We have heard so much about this in our own primary schools that we are glad to have the opinion of one of the directors of French primary instruction. He can speak with authority, and his verdict is that no harm is done save in the very rare case of weakly children who are gluttons for work (*piocheurs*), and who would outwork their strength just as much if the hours were shortened and the standard lowered. To have a spell of hard work before an examination hardens the children for future contests: "Work the mind's springs, make them creak a bit, and they'll grow supple, and be less likely to break by and by under some sudden shock. . . . One doesn't die through having every now and then to pull against the collar." But M. Brunel says not a word about the underfeeding which in many of our schools is such a hindrance to effectual brain-work. Enough to show that what from its title might be merely a mass of statistics contains much (nearly 300 out of the 630 pp.) which an English teacher may read with profit.

"Through Lent" (Wells Gardner) is a thoroughly practical collection of "Thoughts for Busy People on the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels for the Forty Days." Mr. Kerr-Smith writes with deep earnestness and unction; he is brief, but not in the least degree superficial.

Why should books on Holy Week be multiplied? Because, on such a solemn subject, every one who has thought deeply thinks he can say something which may help to emphasise old truths. Rev. W. Newbolt's "Agnus Dei" (S.P.C.K.) has a freshness which is rare in books of the kind. Besides the Meditation, each day has its Prayer and special "Reading."

"By Thy Glorious Resurrection and Ascension," by the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family" (S.P.C.K.), is a very seasonable little work, beautifully got up. There is thought on almost every page; the following: "Whatever Mary Magdalene had been, she was no weak demonstrative creature, of easy tears and hysterical emotions (however the redeeming strength of the Master and the Church's great spaces may find room and work even for the feeblest of such)," is a fair sample of what is the very reverse of a collection of platitudes.

In "Tell Us Why?" (Sampson Low and Co.) Miss Gertrude Heath explains to children in a series of simple stories the Customs and Ceremonies of the English Church. The stories have the advantage (which "Adams's Allegories" had not) of being very short; and the thread of narrative which links them together is sure to interest young minds.

"Simple Instructions in the Faith," Vol. II. (S.P.C.K.), were delivered by Rev. H. Fountaine during the London Mission of 1885. Despite their title, they need much more thought than people in this frivolous age are willing to bestow even on the highest subjects. Hence their value. It is well for us to be forced to define exactly what we mean by terms which have almost ceased to be anything but catch-words. When we find, for instance, that "conversion" and its agnates only occur about ten times in the Bible, we feel "the Biblical basis of the doctrine is but slender," and that the Church was right in using the word repentance "to unfold the meaning of conversion." We highly commend this little book.

Bishop Ellicott, in "Spiritual Needs in Country Parishes" (S.P.C.K.), pleads for more earnest systematic work. He is rich in suggestions; clerical meetings, for instance, are often so dull and profitless as to be merely kept up in order that country parsons may see something of one another. How much they might be vitalised (says the Bishop) "if the four or five best scholars in a neighbourhood would make themselves responsible each for a knowledge of two or three high-class commentaries." In other cases, as when he speaks of "the gracious element of spontaneity in Bishops' visits," he is equally suggestive, with possibly a touch of irony.

There is quite as much suggestion of a different kind in Rev. C. Grundy's "Four of Our Lives on Earth" (Wells Gardner). "Family Life," especially, is full of teaching, above all on the need of companionship between fathers and children; while it is well to point out that overlooking the distinction between "the flesh, the eyes, and the life, and the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the lust of life" is disastrous, and leads direct to hypocrisy.

Dr. Littledale's "Short History of the Council of Trent" (S.P.C.K.) gives in little over a hundred pages a clear and very readable history of the work of the Council, and of the various hindrances which beset it. The preface contains a brief sketch of the books on the subject from Sarp, the Venetian, who attacked, and Cardinal Palavicino, who defended it, and Chemnitz, who discussed it from the Lutheran point of view, down to Theiner's book, which was only published twelve years ago. Dr. Littledale has evidently made good use of the authorities whose works he describes.

"The Parish Guide" (Wells Gardner) takes us straight into Utopia, for such would that parish be in which the parson, not forgetful of Dean Stanley's advice, "Choose some of your friends from among the poor," was "able to act as pastor, lawyer, father, doctor;" where children could be found ready to give *ad. a* year for the privilege of belonging to the "Band of Mercy;" where there was a Cottage Home and an Emigration Society, and a "Ministering Children's League;" and where the bazaars are enlivened with the Witch's Cave and Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks. Seriously, the "Guide" contains useful information about every possible branch of work, from Bell-ringing to Swimming Clubs and Ringoal. Among the contributors of papers are Bishops Wordsworth, Selwyn, Walsham How, Mr. Vidal, Miss Whitaker ("Soup-Kitchens"), &c. Canon Venables gives a long essay (entitled "Hearty Hints") on the duties of churchwardens and other church officers.

If the dairy does not pay, nothing else in these bad times will. No wonder then Mr. H. M. Upton is anxious to bring to the front the subject of "Profitable Dairy Farming" (Sampson Low and Co.). In England agriculture has to do as well as it can without Government help; hence Cirencester College is so dear compared with State-supported institutions abroad. But that agriculture is not doing its best Mr. Upton thinks is clear, when we import fifteen millions' worth of dairy-produce (over twelve millions being for butter). He recommends the adoption of a standard of colour, consistency, shape of rolls, size of boxes, &c. They do this in Normandy, whereas from even high-class English dairies the supply is as uncertain as is the quality of home-made bread—"good for three weeks, then all at once either rank, ill-made, or sickly in colour." Mr. Upton treats not only of milk and butter and the newest dairy-machinery, but also of farm-buildings, food, &c.

Why should the reader be left in doubt as to the sex of Angel Money, M.D.? We won't give our own opinion, for we hope many mothers will read "The Health of Children" (Lewis) for themselves. It is long since we have seen so much good advice packed into such a very small compass. How often parents forget that in times of rapid growth work and education must be relaxed, or mischief will follow! How often the scrubbing of nursery-floors is persisted in, despite the fact that the resulting dampness is a fertile source of disease! How unpalatable to many must be the truth that "a child is almost exactly what we make it."

Some years ago Professor Blackie had a theory about learning ancient Greek as if it was a modern language; one result was that he published a handbook something resembling Dr. Anton Tien's "Neo-Hellenic Manual" (Allen). For a classical scholar a modern Greek book is always amusing. That luggage should be *pragmata*, gentlemen *kuriol*, the train *sunodia*, seems as strange as that the modern Greek should wear a kilt and call it a *fustanella*; while to call horses *aloga* is worse than the South American *criatura* for baby. Dr. Tien's book combines plentiful dialogues, along with exercises on the plan of Ahn.

Part XVI. of the "History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster" (Heywood) details the growth of the Cathedral from the little church which, in 1421, was enlarged and "collegiated" by Thomas de la Warre. In the restoration of twenty years ago the tower was the architect's chief difficulty. It was so decayed that for many years no bells had been rung and no flag hoisted on it.

In "Moderna Inghilterra—Educazione alla Vita Politica" (Bocca: Roma, Torino, Firenze), Signor Meale endeavours to inculcate political truths by the example of England. Modern England teaches economy, she teaches the value of education, of political association, she has set the world a pattern in the position she has given to women, does she not possess the "Primrose League" and also the "Women's Liberal Association"? Is not Mrs. Gladstone as great in her way as her husband is in his (p. 40)? Is not Mr. Chamberlain's position a pledge that Church and State must soon be wholly separated? Is not the "government of the people by the people and for the people" being every day more completely realised? It is very interesting to see the attention that is paid by Italians like Signor Meale to English politics. He describes the whole machinery of an election, and translates in full the chief speeches at many public meetings, putting in the "Bene, bravo" the "Risa," the "Urli," &c. Among these are Lady Dilke's speech at Chelsea, Miss Taylor's at Camberwell, several by Mr. Gladstone, Lord R. Churchill, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Parnell, and almost every leading politician. Of course this part of the work includes the Midlothian addresses. We should like to know Signor Meale's opinion on Home Rule and on the Trafalgar Square business. This is amusing: "Lord Salisbury è la madre austera che resiste, Lord Churchill è la madre arrendevole che corre dietro." The Caucasus are described with gusto; Birmingham, "with its two ardent Liberals, lo Schnadhorst e il Chamberlain," heading the list. The book may be recommended to Italian students as a welcome change from the ordinary "readers."

Last year was the centenary of "Mozart's *Don Juan*" (Kerber, Salzburg), and M. von Freisauff reprints a *fac simile* play-bill of almost the first representation at Vienna, in June, 1788. He also gives medallion portraits of actors and actresses at Vienna, Berlin, &c., including the famous Paris cast of 1832, which included Lablache, Tamburini, and Rubini, with Madame Damoreau and Caroline Ungler. *Don Juan* was first acted in London at "the King's Theatre" in 1817, the long war having prevented its earlier appearance. M. Freisauff finishes a book which smacks of German thoroughness with a collection of "Opinions on *Don Juan*."

"From Kitchen to Garret," by Mrs. J. S. Pantan (Ward and Downey), is a really excellent book. Mrs. Pantan has long been known to the readers of ladies' newspapers as a woman of remarkable knowledge in all details of household management, and the book is certainly the best thing of the kind we have ever seen. All young wives, and, indeed, all women who have to manage houses, will find it of the highest value. Mrs. Pantan has not missed the smallest points of household management, and her suggestions are always excellent from the points of view both of health, comfort, and Art.

EPIGRAMS

THE statement that an epigram is the purest representative of wit would doubtless surprise those literary progenitors of ours, the Greeks, could they "revisit the glimpses of the moon." Such, however, seems the modern idea of a species of composition which, originally, was merely an inscription on statues, tombs, or temples. Its distinguishing feature was one thought couched in concise and nervous language. Plato's epigram, translated by Shelley, is a beautiful gem of this class:—

Thou wert the morning star among the living
Ere thy fair light had fled:
Now having died thou art, as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

There is, too, a pretty idea in the verse by Nossis, a poetess:—

In this loved stone Melinna's self I trace;
'Tis hers, that form; 'tis hers, that speaking face!
How like her mother's! Oh what joy to see
Ourselves reflected in our progeny!

The freedom from point or briskness makes these somewhat insipid to the modern taste, and an epigram void of vinegar or sting is called by the French *la Grecque*. Our polite neighbours prefer a little bitterness and spleen to the delicate pleasantry of the original type.

It was not until late in the history of Greek poetry that the sarcastic element was introduced into the epigram. Among the Romans, however, in spite of the standard being very high at times, it soon became conspicuous by its coarse and scurrilous satire. Martial and Claudian were the chief writers. The productions of the first-named may be counted by the hundred, and their most distinguishing features are by no means refinement and delicacy. Among his pleasanter performances we find the original of "Dr. Fell":—

I love thee not: but why I can't display;
I love thee not is all that I can say.

As a testimonial to the resources of Roman civilisation, we have:—

The golden hair that Galla wears
Is hers: who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it!

Martial, the servile flatterer of a Roman Emperor, has been imitated by Ben Jonson, and excelled—in flattery:—

Martial, thou gav'st far nobler epigrams
To thy Domitian than I can to my James;
But in my Royal subject I pass thee—
Thou flatter'd'st thine, mine cannot flatter'd be.

Can this be "Rare Ben Jonson?" What a contrast to the bitter epigrammatic saying of Milton's, "James I. had at least one claim to the title of Solomon—that he was the son of David."

Martial's style has been imitated more than that of any other writer, and there are many clever specimens in our own literature. Rogers, of "Memory" fame, has several placed to his credit, and the following, though well-known, are worth quoting:—

Ward has no heart they say; but I deny it,
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it—

and

Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

By another writer we have the lines addressed to "Monsignor M. on his nomination to the Legion of Honour":—

In ancient times—'twas no great loss,
They hung the thief upon the Cross:
But now, alas! I say't with grief,
They hang the Cross upon the thief.

There appears to be but little of the quality called *à la Grecque* in these specimens.

Although, strictly speaking, an epigram should be in verse, the earliest Greek inscriptions were in prose, but the discovery was soon made of the truth contained in Victor Hugo's words, "An idea steeped in verse becomes suddenly more incisive and more brilliant: the iron becomes steel." Some critics still maintain that a distinction should be made between what is an epigram and what is epigrammatic, while others consider such distinction too arbitrary. Whatever conclusion we arrive at, we ought to deal tenderly with such gems as Canning's remark;—"Everything at sea, except the fleet;" Douglas Jerrold's "The liberties of England are preserved in brine—the English Channel;" Horace Walpole's "Summer has set in with its usual severity;" Jekyll's lines on a brewer, "Unwet he floats upon his watery bier," Mr. Frith, in his "Autobiography," quotes a letter from Dickens on his growing a beard. One sentence is worthy of addition to the list above, "He had been told by some of his friends that they highly approved of the change, because they now saw less of him."

The modern conception of the epigram has been defined as a short sentence expressing truth under an amusing appearance of incongruity. Bain says:—"In the epigram the mind is roused by a conflict or contradiction between the form of the language and the meaning really conveyed." A facetious application of some household word or familiar text, or some well-known proverb, or motto, are some of the requirements expected by the modern reader:—

Three things must epigrams like bees have all,
A sting and honey, and a body small.

But the standard of taste is not too high, and there is no small danger of the epigram passing into a mere antithesis, a ridiculous pun, or a foolish anagram. The following three are coinage of the spurious order. "An educated man should know something of everything, and everything of something;" "Verbosity is cured by a large vocabulary," and the lines on the boa-constrictor in the Zoo:—

The cunning serpent in the Park
One day was feeling rather hollow,
So took his brother for a lark,
Or just as likely for a swallow!

In these, the antithesis and pun are too apparent. As a specimen of the purer style, what could be more delightful—or more cynical—than:—

When Adam slept, Eve from his side arose,
Strange his first sleep should be his last repose!

or that witty expression of anti-teetotal feeling by Dean Aldrich:—

If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink.
Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
Or lest one should be by-and-by,
Or any other reason why!

As an example of condensed wit, the famous "Epitaph on a Coroner" has no equal:—

He lived and died
By Suicide.

This is the genuine attar of epigrammatic roses. The next to be quoted offers a sensible solution of a modern problem, and will no doubt recommend itself to several members of the medical profession:—

If wine is poison so is tea, but in another shape,
What matter whether we are killed by canister or grape?

It would be difficult to put the "inevitable antinomy" more humorously.

Perhaps the most facetious application of a familiar text is the witty poem by Wesley on Butler's tomb. "He asked for bread and he received a stone" is the last line, for it is too popular for quotation here. Swift's lines on the "Building of a Magazine in Dublin," although composed in his dotage, are of great merit, and are typical of their author's sarcastic humour:—

Behold a proof of Irish sense,
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left that's worth defence
They build a magazine.

English literature is rich in epigrams which satisfy every test, and, in addition to these, many lie concealed in our longer poems. Pope's name at once suggests itself, his poems being "powdered with stars" of epigrammatic brilliance. Many a page could be filled with extracts from the "Dunciad" and "Moral Essays." Dryden's "Hind and Panther," "Absalom and Achitophel," and "MacFlecknoe" might also be searched with profit. His acrimonious personality is not to the taste of the modern reader who is not a partisan of either of the great political factions. The following couplets, however, may possibly prove interesting:—

The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

Born to be saved, even in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right.

And the lines on a conspirator, who could:—

Wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath but for gain.

Nor was he ever known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the Government.

In Goldsmith's admirable "Madame Blaize" and "Death of a Mad Dog," the wit is of a similar order:—

She never followed wicked ways,
Unless when she was sinning
The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.



STUDIES FROM LIFE IN IRELAND. VII.—A PROCLAIMED MEETING
FROM A SKETCH BY SPECIAL ARTIST

W. W.

There are plenty of books suitable for the purpose to choose from, few of them offering any insuperable difficulty; among the easiest may be instanced Thackeray's "English Humourists," Leigh Hunt's "Saunter in the West End," Douglas Jerrold's "Life," Field's "Yesterdays with Authors" (a very pretty specimen of American printing), and the delightful series of "English Men of Letters," edited by Mr. John Morley. Most attractive in their way, moreover are Mr. Louis Jennings' two volumes, "Field Paths and Green Lanes" and "Rambles among the Hills," which should be exclusively illustrated with views of the various picturesque localities so graphically described by the author; nothing more fascinating of the kind has been written since White's "Selborne." I may add, for the benefit of those interested in the topography of our metropolis, Mr. Wheatley's pleasant and anecdotal "Round About

Piccadilly and Pall Mall," an exhaustive record of this fashionable district and its inhabitants, the embellishment of which is an agreeable and inexpensive pastime, perfectly within the reach of the most inexperienced votary of the art.

The great secret of success in this as in most other pursuits is constantly to bear in mind the words of the dervish, "Begin nothing of which thou has not well considered the end;" a maxim especially applicable to the tyro illustrator. We will suppose that he has chosen the book he meditates enriching, and has carefully perused it, from the first page to the last, not relying on the index—if there be one—for the embellishments he purposes inserting; but noting, as he reads, the salient passages where the necessary portraits will figure to the greatest advantage; and judiciously grouping around them whatever supplementary additions appear most in harmony with the general effect of the whole. By this means, no important item will be neglected, and any approach to "cramming" scrupulously avoided; he has then to commence his researches, and where proofs before letters, or on India paper—either of which materially enhance the marketable value of the book—cannot be obtained, to select the best procurable impressions, and, if possible, add to them an autograph letter or two in some measure relating to the work, which, although it may seem at first sight a superfluous outlay, will amply repay him in the event of his copy being ever brought under the hammer. When his labours are completed, and the smaller prints inlaid to the size required, it will be time to think of binding; and in this delicate matter he will naturally consult his own taste. Should he, however, decide on a "whole morocco," I would counsel him to eschew the prevalent "fad" of having the top edge gilt and the others left rough or merely trimmed, which gives the volume an unfinished and lopsided air—and to adopt the more rational and becoming fashion of gilt edges all round.

C. H.



IT is impossible, without ample space, to do the barest justice to Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere" (3 vols: Smith, Elder, and Co.), and, indeed, the ordinary, and necessary, attitude of a reviewer towards fiction generally is out of place when applied to work which is in form, purpose, height, and depth so entirely beyond what novels have come to mean. It is a book to be read, not only for its story, though that is more interesting than nine out of ten, nor only for its portraiture, though this is both brilliant and profound, but because it is a singularly complete and faithful mirror of contemporary thought and character at large; and even more because of its extraordinary breadth of sympathy, "Robert Elsmere" is a book which will help people to comprehend each other better, and it cannot possibly be read too widely. It is not, however, a book to be read at railway speed. Three volumes, equal in length to the ordinary four, crowded with the inward and outward details of many lives varied enough to constitute a whole nineteenth-century microcosm, obviously requires not only plenty of thought, but plenty of time; and both time and thought will be well bestowed. In short, the tone we feel compelled to take is less of criticism than of gratitude for as telling an argument against pessimism; affectation, worldliness, "other-worldliness," and most of the current bigotries as has ever appeared in a popular form. Nor are such matters, and their illustrative characters, treated drily any more than they are treated shallowly. Indeed, the real depth is often concealed by the surface-play of humour, and always, more or less, by the unfailing ease and clearness of a style injured only by too frequent repetitions of epithets and phrases. One great test of the merit of a signally remarkable work is the manner in which so many of the characters become at once parts, doubtless to remain, of the reader's personal experience, only better known than one's most intimate friend can often be, with the exception of one failure—the pessimist scholar, Langham, who may be actual and possible, but is not rendered so as to be even intelligible. But the greatest merit of all is that it is impossible to close the book without a renewed interest in life and sense of its value; and, this being said, little else is of much moment. The length and elaboration of the novel will be real misfortunes if they stand in the way of its wide perusal. The only qualities a reader need bring to it are some slight interest in moral and intellectual problems, and time for its indulgence at leisure. It is quite certain that neither time nor interest will be thrown away.

Mr. William Westall has, in "A Fair Crusader" (2 vols. : Hurst and Blackett), fallen considerably below the mark he made for himself with his previous novels. It is written spiritedly enough ; but the story has much too little interest or substance to bear expansion into two volumes, while the process of beating it out is managed with quite exceptional clumsiness. The last two chapters, with the exception of their first nine words, are altogether superfluous ; and the unimportant fact that the heroine had to do with a body resembling the Salvation Army seems imported merely to justify the title of the novel. It has no significance in itself, and no bearing upon the story of how the wicked Rufine tried to slowly poison her brother-in-law with cocaine, and was detected by an Indian servant after she had puzzled the doctors. The best point in a decidedly trivial piece of bookmaking is the fairly humorous sketch of an amiable cynic in the person of Mrs. Minton.

Another case of slow poison—this time by aconite—is reported by Henry Cresswell in "A Wily Widow" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett): and it would seem that the symptoms of both the drugs, aconite and cocaine, are much the same. We suppose that Mr. Cresswell has chosen his title on sarcastic grounds—"wily" seems, otherwise, a rather mild way of labelling Maud Gainsborough. Maud, the lady of the aconite, is an ambitiously-conceived character; too ambitiously, we are disposed to think, for the author's executive power. Not really more inconsistent than is everybody who has a conscience, she is made to seem inconsistent in an altogether unnatural manner. If Mr. Cresswell means her to be conscienceless, it is impossible to understand her compunctions on certain occasions; if otherwise, equally impossible to understand her want of them at other times. Our own impression is, that he has treated an essentially natural, while abnormal, character, so as to transform her into a monster, suggesting nothing but mania. For the rest, in point of interest, the novel is up to the average level.

"Alma ; Or, the story of a Little Music Mistress," by Emma Marshall (1 vol. : Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), is a harmless and simple

little tale of the exceedingly temporary troubles of the conventional teacher of fiction, who, in the end, prefers married happiness with an amiable doctor to sharing the coronet of an eccentric peer. It contains rather a touching sketch of a little blind boy with a genius for the violin, who is interesting enough to make the reader feel glad that, by getting through scarlet fever safely, he does not add to the long list of children who are born into novels only to die.

The contents of "The Silver Trout, and Other Stories," by Sir Randal H. Roberts, Bart. (1 vol. : W. H. Allen and Co.), were certainly not worth exhuming from the periodicals in which they originally appeared. Some notes on sport are fairly smart and lively. But they, of course, are not to be regarded as fiction ; and of the fiction, especially as represented by "The Silver Trout," we can only say that its silliness will prove hard to beat. Indeed, incredible silliness, and the clumsy introduction of a trade advertisement, are the only features of it which call for mention.



MESSRS. PATERSON AND SONS.—A series of very useful special publications issued by this firm consists of "The Waverley Collection of Vocal Trios for Ladies' Voices," of which No. 1, "Mid the Lilies," by Otto Schweizer, has just appeared—the dainty words are by Edward Oxenford; and "The Strathearn Collection of Part Songs," arranged by Mr. H. A. Lambeth for his famous Balmoral Choir. The latest additions to this series are "Bonnie Wee Thing," "My Nannie's Awa," and "Of A' the Airts the Win' can Blaw," three of the poet Burns' most tender poems; "Gude Nacht, and Joy be wi' Ye A'," "The Trump of War," poems by Lady Nairne,—"Gondellied" ("In the Gondola"), words by Catherine A. Laurie, music by Alfred Gallerein, has a very effective *ad lib.* violin or 'cello accompaniment.—Two quaint little songs, somewhat after the antique, music by Hamish MacCunn, are "To Julia Weeping," words by Thomas Moore, and "I'll Tend Thy Bower," words by William Ferguson.—Simple and very pleasing is "Frühlingslied" ("Spring Song"), with violin or violoncello accompaniment *ad lib.*, adapted from the German by J. Hildesheim, music by Alfred Gallerein.—Unique in its way is "The Skye Collection of Reels and Strathspeys," which contains no less than four hundred tunes, collected from all the best sources, compiled and arranged for violin and piano by Keith Norman Macdonald; in this book will be found an inexhaustible supply of merry tunes for young folks to play and dance to, whilst the old folks will nod their heads and beat time to the familiar tunes.—A waltz by Caroline Lothian is safe to be worthy of attention; "The Elaine Waltz" is no exception to this rule, and will always take a leading place in a dance programme.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—No. 2. of "Six Songs," music by W. H. Bentley, words by H. W. Longfellow, is "Whither?" It is a very appropriate setting of this sparkling little poem, and will be much admired provided the florid accompaniment be well played, as this song is, in fact, a pianoforte piece with words.—By the above composer is a clever and showy "Minuet-Caprice" for the pianoforte.—"The Go lightly Waltz," by Anna Kinnison, is tuneful, and the time is well marked.—Concerted music is so often attempted with satisfactory results by amateurs in the home circle and drawing-room, that there is always a welcome for well-written and not super-difficult music of this type, hence "Quartet in C" for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, composed by Geo. A. Ames, will find favour with fairly advanced players.

MESSRS. J. CURWEN AND SONS.—“Life at Sea,” an operetta for boys’ schools and academies, written by A. J. Foxwell, composed by T. Mee Pattison, will meet with a hearty reception from the rising generation, and awaken in many a boy’s breast a yearning after “a life on the ocean wave.” The libretto and music are spirited and stirring; we can well recommend it to the notice of music-teachers and heads of colleges.—Another capital school cantata, compiled from various sources by A. J. Foxwell, is “The Armada.” In this case singing sisters will be required to take the parts of Queen Elizabeth and her Maids of Honour. A good arrangement is that some of the *dramatis personæ* are required to sing, and others only to speak.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A homely ballad which will find many admirers is "The Old Skipper," written and composed by John Muir and J. Spawforth (B. Williams).—"Beneath the Window" is a pleasing and unpretentious piece for the pianoforte by Charles Le Thière, who has also composed "Light of Foot," a spirited march (Messrs. Rivière and Hawkes).—Three very good sets of waltzes, which will be amongst the most popular of the season, are: "Silver Wedding Waltz," by A. Argo (The Viaduct Publishing Company); "Somebody's Sweetheart Waltz," by Popsie Rowe (Messrs. Francis Brothers and Day); and "Liebesbotschaft Waltz," by H. Davan Wetton (Messrs. C. B. Tree and Co.).

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is much very pleasant matter in "Fasciculus: a Song-Bundle," by H. Hailstone, M.A. (Cambridge: J. Palmer). The author has improved greatly technically, whilst retaining his old power of graceful descriptive writing, and his love for country sights and sounds. Amongst those which have given us most pleasure are the sonnet on "Fountains Abbey," two legendary pieces, "St. Oswald's Well" and "Common, Saintfoin," and "The Forsaken Lover" and "The Rowan Tree." Mr. Hailstone is well up in folk-lore, and uses his knowledge effectively.

There is no need to do more than draw attention to "Verities in Verse" (Elliot Stock), which contains a reprint of a series of pious and loyal, if rather narrow-minded, tracts by an anonymous author, who tells us at the outset that he has "no pretension to the poetical faculty." The thought inevitably arises, why then did he not write in prose?

We have received from Messrs. Blackie and Son Vol. II. of the handsome "Henry Irving" Edition of Shakespeare, containing the second and third parts of *King Henry VI.*, Charles Kemble's condensed version of that play, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *King Richard II.* The illustrations keep up to their standard of excellence, whilst the notes and introductions are still good and scholarly, though we cannot always agree with the author's views. For instance, he seems at pp. 325-6 to contradict himself as regards the serious interest of the play under discussion, and he assuredly underrates *Richard II.*

We have also to acknowledge from Mr. Walter Scott (Canterbury Poets Series) "Jacobite Songs and Ballads, Selected," edited with notes and introductory note, by G. S. Macquoid,—a well-executed little collection, notwithstanding the editor's evident *animus*; from Messrs. Vizetelly (Mermaid Series) "Thomas Dekker," edited, with an introduction and notes, by Ernest Rhys; from Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited, a re-issue of "The Leopold Shakespeare" as a cheap popular edition, illustrated; and from Messrs. Reeves and Turner "Parodies," by Walter Hamilton, Vol. IV.; Mr. Hamilton may be glad to know that the author of "My Queen" was the late Mrs. Bowen Graves, a lady who died all too young for her own fame.

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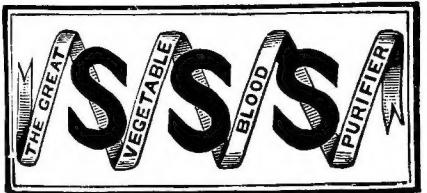
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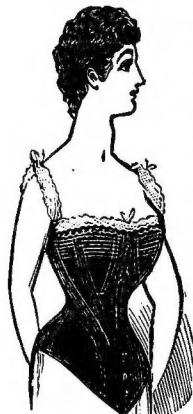
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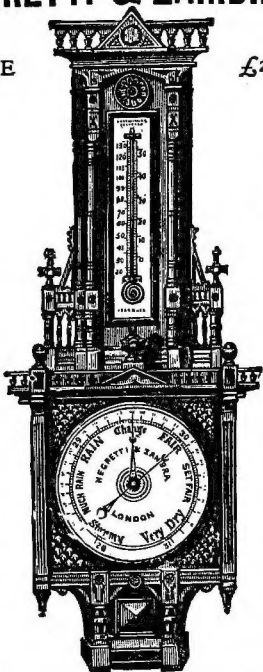
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